The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

June

15c

ADVANCE COPY

MAY 2 - 1936
DIVISION

Spotlight Cover
of Kay Francis

Clark Gable's Bachelor Dates

The World's Greatest Love Story—See Page 24

AS THEY SAY IN WAIKIKI

"Maikai!"

THE FRAGRANCE Gemey

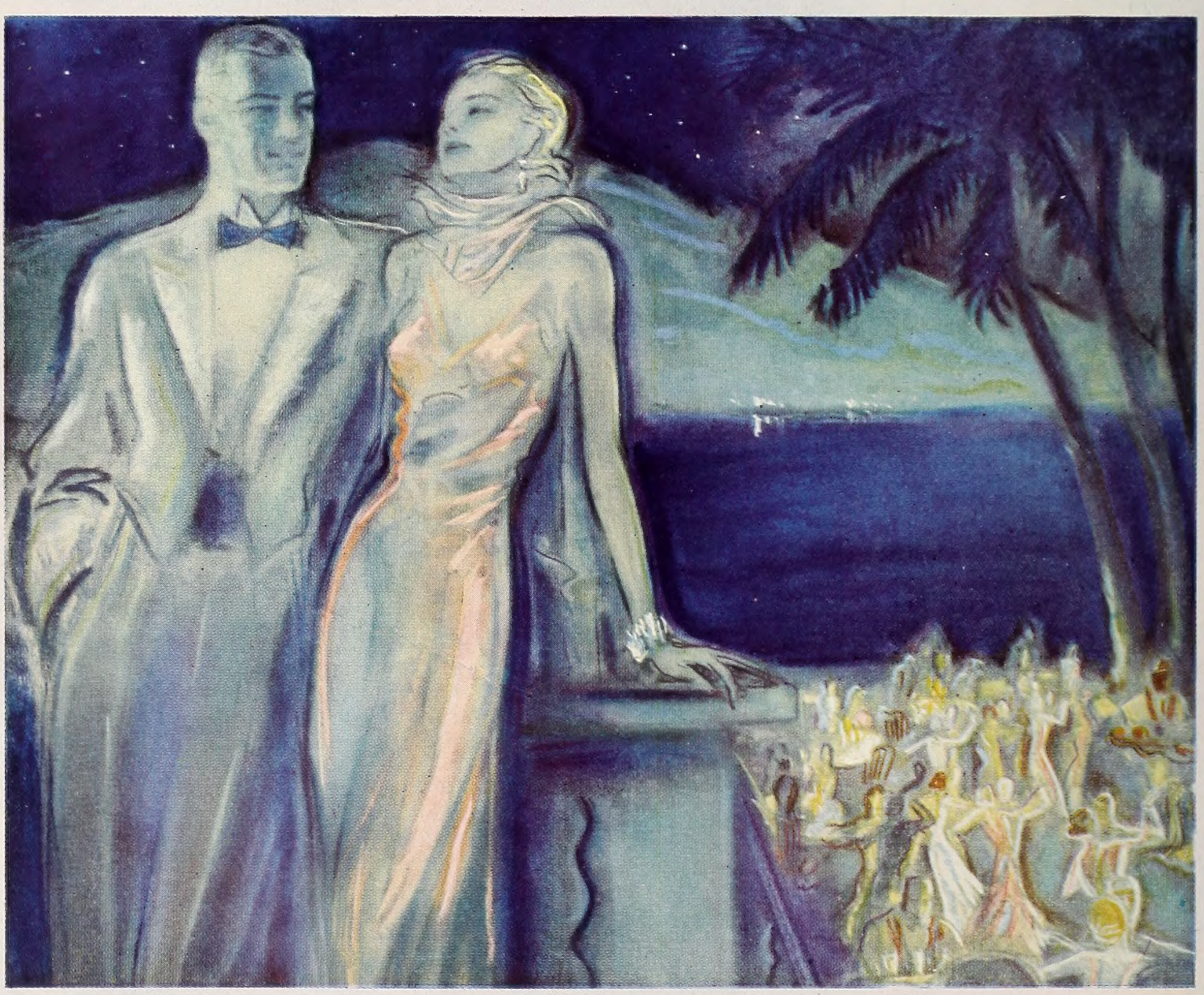
"Maikai!" Enchanting! It's the word in Hawaii... the word the world around, for the glamorous fragrance Gemey. For wherever there is moonlight... flooding Honolulu Bay, glancing off the prow of a gondola in the Grand Canal or lighting a garden pathway... wherever romance and youth and laughter are abroad in the land, there, too, is the lovely fragrance Gemey. Women wear it in Naples and Nassau and Nice... in cosmopolitan centers of five continents. Wear it because it is wistful and winsome, wear it because it is gay and young. Wear it because men like it... as you'll like it, when you discover at your favorite perfume counter this world-honored bouquet Richard Hudnut presents to America, the fragrance Gemey!

In crystal-clear flacons. 2.50, 4.50, 5.

by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

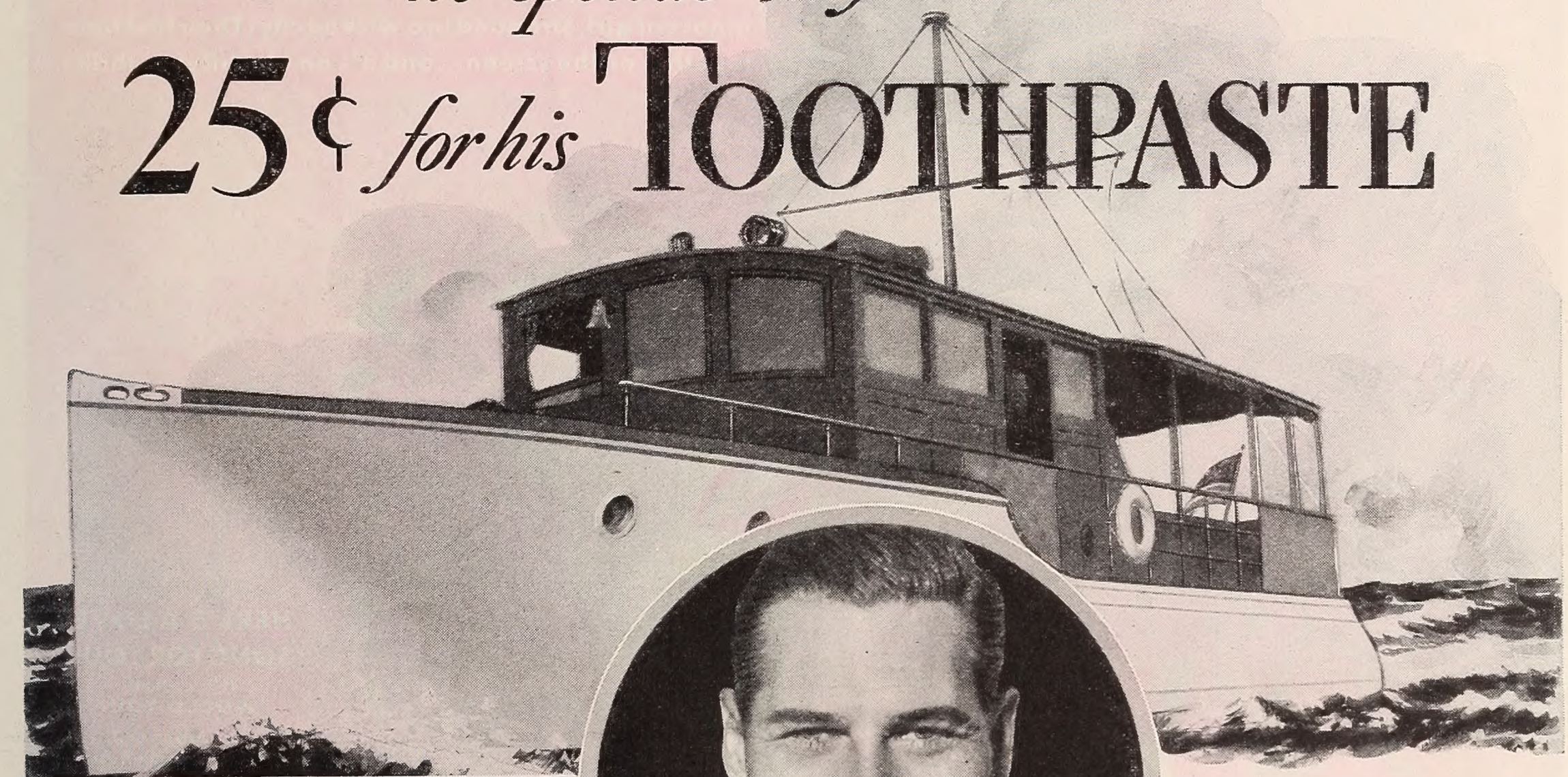
New York . . . Paris . . . London . . . Toronto
Barcelona . . . Capetown . . . Buenos Aires
Sydney . . . Shanghai . . . Havana . . . Vienna

In Hawaii... in every romance port o' call... wherever there are lovely women, there's the perfume they adore... the fragrance Gemey!

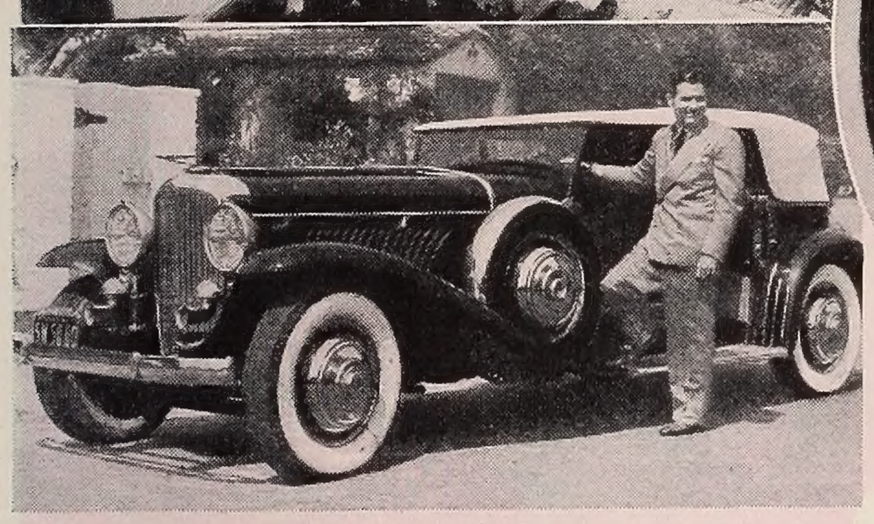


Surrounded by LUXURIES..

he spends only 25¢ *for his* TOOTHPASTE

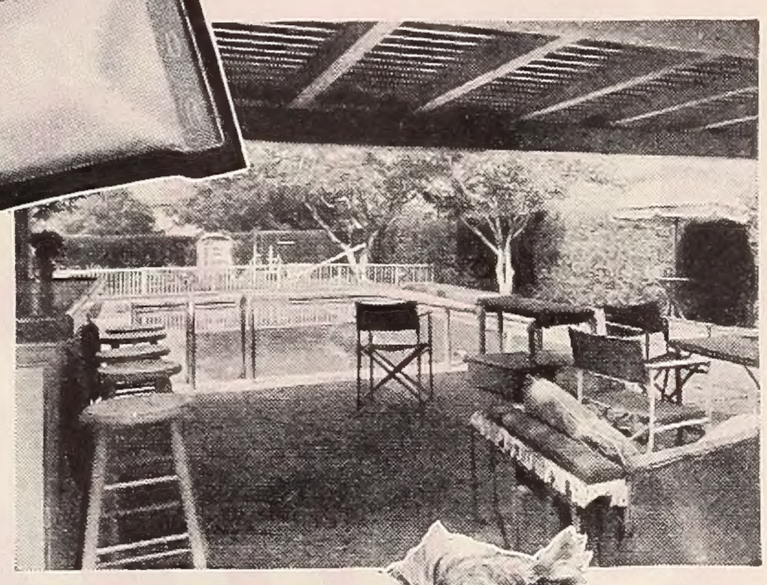


Dick Arlen's beautifully appointed 50-foot cruiser with twin engines. On board, Arlen entertains many of the celebrities of the screen and stage world.



Dick Arlen's Duesenberg with its special body. Arlen is one of the best drivers in California.

Keeping fit is a religion with Dick Arlen. Every day finds him in the pool on his estate on Toluca Lake, California.



Richard Arlen's pet Schnauzer, "Lucky," valued conservatively at $2,500 and the son of a champion.

Richard Arlen says: **"I like a dentifrice that has substance and body to it . . . one that does a good job of cleansing . . . *particularly when it comes to removing discoloration.* Maybe that's why I'm such a consistent rooter for that LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE."**

SCREEN stars don't guess about their tooth paste. They can't afford to, with millions ready to spot the slightest flaw in teeth.

Is it any wonder then that the famous screen star, Dick Arlen, surrounded by luxury and able to pay any price for a dentifrice, chooses Listerine Tooth Paste? Its brilliant results won him as they have won more than 3,000,000 other users.

Why not give your teeth the same wonderful care? Buy a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today, and use it twice daily for three weeks. You will be delighted to see the improvement in the brilliance of your teeth.

See how thoroughly but how gently it cleans . . . See how it erases stubborn discolorations . . . See how it makes precious enamel gleam and shine . . . And note the wonderful feeling of freshness and invigoration it gives to the entire mouth.

You will like Listerine Tooth Paste from the moment you try it . . . It is in every way worthy of the fine name it bears. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

They were BORN to play these roles

You never saw two stars more perfectly suited to portray the "male-and-female" of this great drama of San Francisco's bravest days! Clark Gable, owner of a gambling hell and Jeanette MacDonald as the innocent girl, stranded in a wicked city! Their first time together on the screen...and it's an electrifying thrill!

Clark
GABLE
Jeanette
MACDONALD
IN
San Francisco
WITH
Spencer TRACY

Jack Holt · Ted Healy · Jesse Ralph

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

HERE'S A LOVE SONG FOR YOU!

It's called "WOULD YOU"

The composers of "Alone" (*Brown and Freed*) have written a new one called "WOULD YOU". Try it on YOUR sweetheart for exciting results . . . but first hear Jeanette MacDonald sing it. The screen's beautiful songbird also sings a thrilling number . . . "SAN FRANCISCO" in addition to "THE JEWEL SONG" and "MANON".

See the "Paradise" hottest spot of Frisco's most daring days . . . with Clark managing!

See New Year's Eve revels in San Francisco . . . with champagne flowing in fountains!

See "The Chickens' Ball" . . . with a pot of gold for the most popular entertainer!

See A gala first night at the Tivoli Opera House . . . Jeanette MacDonald the glamorous star!

See San Francisco in flames . . . a roaring cauldron of death and destruction!

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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

June, 1936 Vol. XXXIII No. 2

Gary Cooper's Suppressed Desire!

"Mr. Deeds Goes To Town," Gary's new picture, has made him big news again. So you won't want to miss the feature in next month's SCREENLAND which shows you the elusive "Coop" in a new light. You may be surprised, but you'll surely like this story; and you won't be "in the know" about the most important screen man of the moment until you've read it.

Remember: the best Gary Cooper story is one of the big features in July SCREENLAND, on sale June 3rd.

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TAGGING the Talkies

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52 and 53

13 Hours By Air
Paramount

Thrills and chills galore, with something happening every second as moments of grand comedy are followed by gripping drama. Fred MacMurray turns in a he-man performance as the devil-may-care pilot who falls in love with his lovely blonde passenger, Joan Bennett. ZaSu Pitts, never funnier; Fred Keating; Brian Donlevy; Alan Baxter; Bennie Bartlett, a fine kid actor, and the others are fine too. See this!

Everybody's Old Man
20th Century-Fox

Good clean fun for the whole family, with Irvin S. Cobb, humorist, novelist, and now film character actor as an American business man who thrives on competition. Rochelle Hudson supplies the eye-appeal and a performance that gives notable depth to her characterization. Johnny Downs proves a most promising screen juvenile, and Norman Foster adds a good portrayal as Cobb's prudish nephew. Pretty fair show.

Small Town Girl
M-G-M

You'll be giving three big cheers for the Gaynor-Taylor team after you've seen Janet and Robert in this up-to-the-minute *Cinderella* yarn about the country lass and and the very social young surgeon who fall in love after an after-the-party wedding that joined two total strangers. Nothing new in this story at any point, but it holds and amuses and entertains you, because of Janet Gaynor and Bob Taylor.

Sutter's Gold
Universal

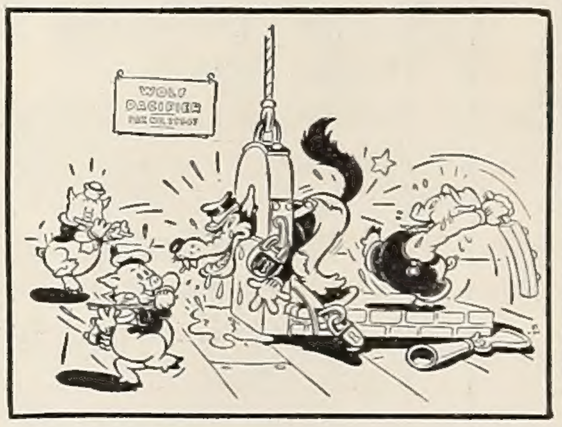
An ambitious production, finely conceived with regard to the pictorial values of the historical episode with which it deals. For the history-minded, this story of the Swiss in California who built a vast fortune, then lost it, is worth seeing. But as entertainment, it falls far short of the necessary story interest. Edward Arnold is excellent in name rôle. Lee Tracy and Binnie Barnes do their very best. A film worth seeing.

The House of a Thousand Candles
Republic

The famous old mystery thriller brought up to date and made into a corking good action melodrama, capitally played by Phillips Holmes, Mae Clarke, Irving Pichel, and Rosita Moreno. It is well directed entertainment, not very convincing as to plot but capable of holding your interest right up to the finish when world war, no less, is averted by defeat of the international spy. Enjoyable, and one of the best of its kind.

Brides Are Like That
Warners

A wholesome little number about young love. Its unpretentious good humor rather brings you around to liking it, but you must go prepared to hear lots of talk and see very little action. Ross Alexander plays the breezy, back-slapping chap who doesn't like work, and Anita Louise the girl who loves him. They marry on other people's money. Joe Cawthorne, Gene and Kathleen Lockhart round out a highly capable cast.



Three Little Wolves
Disney-United Artists

It's a pretty safe bet to recommend that you see any Walt Disney cartoon—but this sequel to "The Three Little Pigs" is something you are warned not to miss. For some of the biggest howls you've had in a long time, just sit in front of a screen showing how the industrious Little Pig puts the Big Bad Wolf in his place, after he rescues the two other Pigs from the little wolves. Here's laughing with you, but loud.

Too Many Parents
Paramount

Concerning the lives of several youths at a military academy, with grand acting performances by George Ernest, Billy Lee, Buster Phelps, Sherwood Bailey, and Carl "Alfalfa" Switzer—juveniles whose acting will be refreshing to all those who are beginning to yawn at the precocious million dollar starlets. Some telling jibes at neglectful parents, but good comedy makes it entertaining, especially for youngsters.

The Unguarded Hour
M-G-M

Loretta Young's first film in too long, is something to help you guess the time away as it unfolds a mystery plot involving Loretta, her barrister husband, Franchot Tone, and others. Tone, Roland Young, and Lewis Stone give excellent support to the lovely Loretta, if anything more beautiful than ever. Roland Young's smooth comedy helps matters along immensely. Not exciting, but thoroughly entertaining mystery.

Charlie Chan at the Circus
20th Century-Fox

If you're a *Charlie Chan* addict—and one can do worse than that so far as screen pastiming is concerned—you'll find this about average for the series. The circus background puts some glitter in as support for the always interesting work of Warner Oland as the immensely clever Oriental sleuth, and the midgets, George and Olive Brasno, add some amusing novelty to the blend of comedy and melodrama in the film.

Petticoat Fever
M-G-M

Boy, who hasn't seen a beautiful girl for two years, meets a honey when her companion's plane runs out of gas over Labrador. She's engaged to the stuffy pilot chap, but the young radio operator fixes that. With thin material, Bob Montgomery, Myrna Loy, and Reginald Owen manage miraculously to be really entertaining and make this fairly perky and diverting.

(*Continued on page 11*)

Hollywood Does A Mirthful Martial Musical Up 'Brown'

JOE E. BROWN

joins the army and 'slays' the world as the head man of a riotous regiment of singing

"SONS O' GUNS"

Including Joan

BLONDELL

Beverly Roberts, Eric Blore, Winifred Shaw, Craig Reynolds, Joseph King, Robert Barrat

TAKE A BOW, LLOYD BACON, FOR YOUR DIRECTION

And the Same To You, Warren & Dubin, for These Great Songs

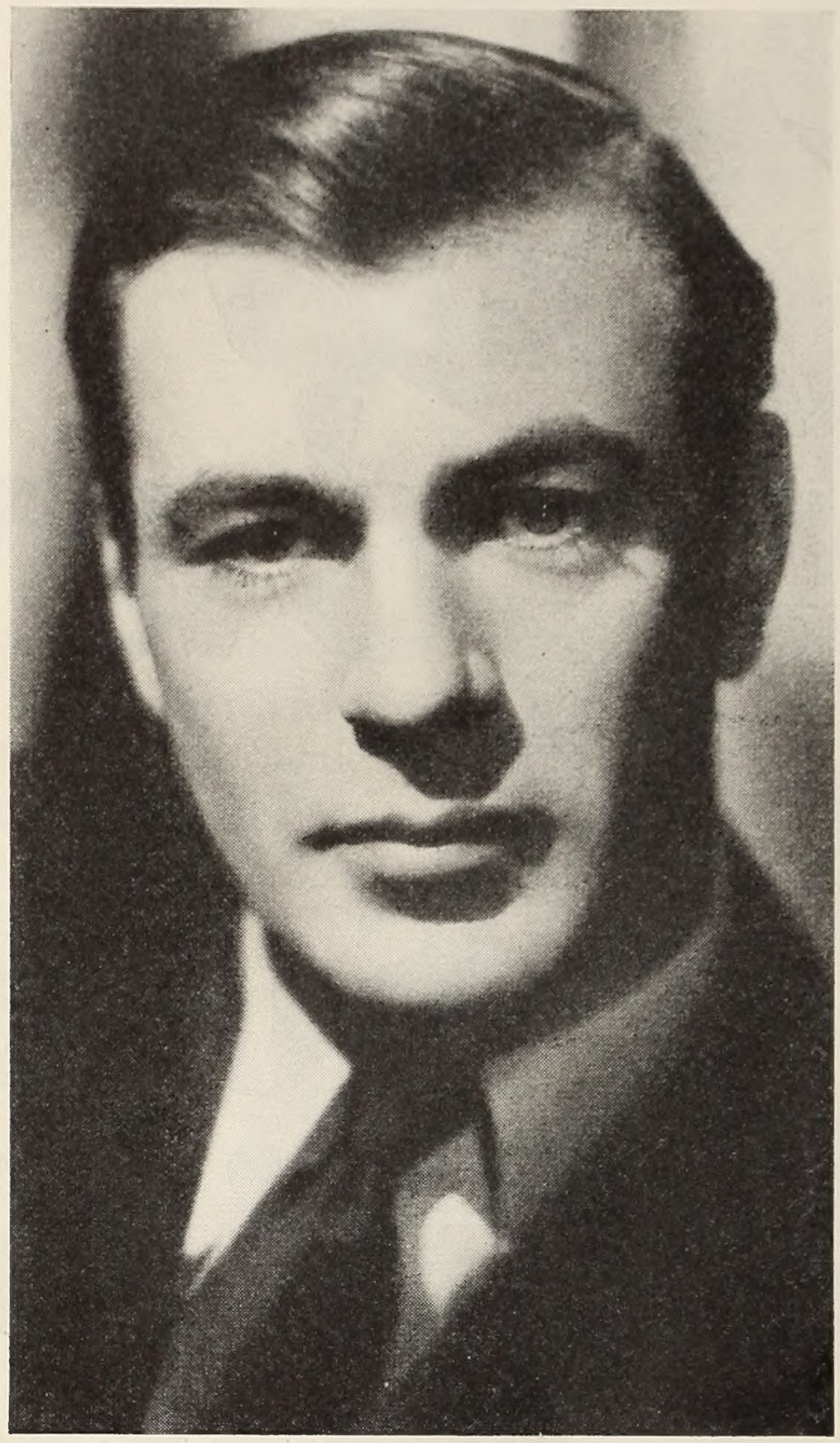
"A Buck And A Quarter A Day", "Put On A Uniform", "In The Arms Of An Army Man"

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

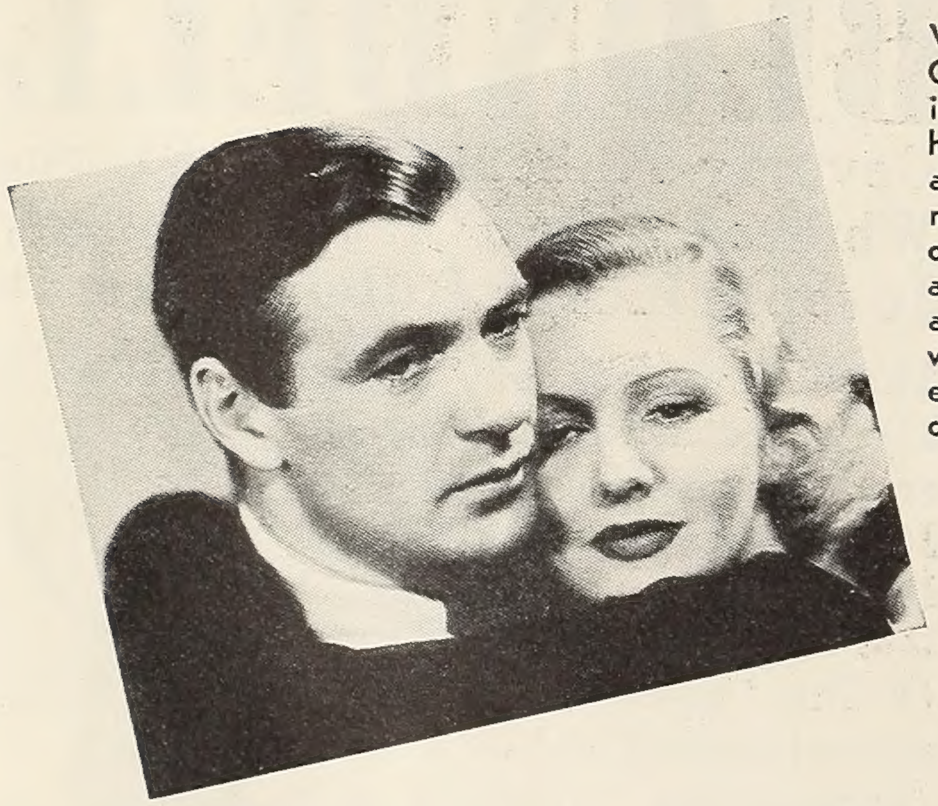
Those thousands of "Bright Lights" audiences who demanded another song-and-dance show for Joe have had their way! Warner Bros. went right out and bought that famous stage musical 'Sons O' Guns,' equipped it with an uproarious cast and all modern conveniences including new Warren and Dubin songs, and a passionate apache dance number by Joe that stops the show. The riotous results emerge as the month's top entertainment.

SCREENLAND Honor Page

To Gary Cooper, for a triumph in character delineation



"Mr. Deeds Goes To Town" is destined to rank among the great accomplishments of the screen. Here is supreme entertainment—touching, amusing, and as real as life



While honoring Gary Cooper for his greatest acting performance, we pay high tribute to Frank Capra, at right, with Gary, for masterly direction. It is no coincidence that Cooper and Jean Arthur surpass anything they have previously done—for other established stars also have climaxed their past efforts under Capra's direction.

"MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN" is one of the most accurate reflections of life the American theatre, stage or screen, has produced in pure entertainment form. You can't accept its characters merely as great examples of acting skill by Gary Cooper, Jean Arthur, and their fine supporting cast, but only as real, living people. Great in an artistic sense, as well as its popular appeal, is the picture's portrayal of the fundamentally American viewpoint as represented by *Longfellow Deeds,* and developed with hilarious humor and poignant pathos. Here, indeed, is great entertainment.

Gloriously The Screen Surrenders to COLOR!

. . . in the first dancing romance filmed in all the breathless beauty of the new

TECHNICOLOR!

THRILL to a throbbing love story of Old California . . . gay with the laughter of sweet Senoritas . . . alive with the dash of bold caballeros . . . atingle with the music and song and dancing of daring hearts aflame in a land of carefree adventure.

PIONEER PICTURES

presents

DANCING PIRATE

You've never seen anything like the spectacular "Moonlight Dance" . . . and a score of other gasping scenes!

★

A CAST OF HUNDREDS

featuring

CHARLES COLLINS

Dancing idol of Broadway

FRANK MORGAN

Laugh star of 50 hits

STEFFI DUNA

The girl of "La Cucaracha"

Luis Alberni • Victor Varconi

Jack La Rue • Directed by LLOYD CORRIGAN. Designed in color by ROBERT EDMOND JONES.

Distributed by

★

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Hear the sentimental songs by the hit composers, Rodgers & Hart: "When You Are Dancing the Waltz" and "Are You My Love?"

"PIONEER PICTURES COLOR THE WORLD"

YOU can't help feeling sorry for her —the girl who seems to be "in wrong" with everyone.

She's pretty—but men avoid her. She's good company—but girls let her alone. She's simply out of things. *And why?*

Well, bluntly, because underarm perspiration odor makes her unpleasant to be near.

And the pity of it is, she has nobody to blame but herself. For it's so easy, these days, to keep the underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. With Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time—before dressing or afterwards. Mum is harmless to clothing, you know.

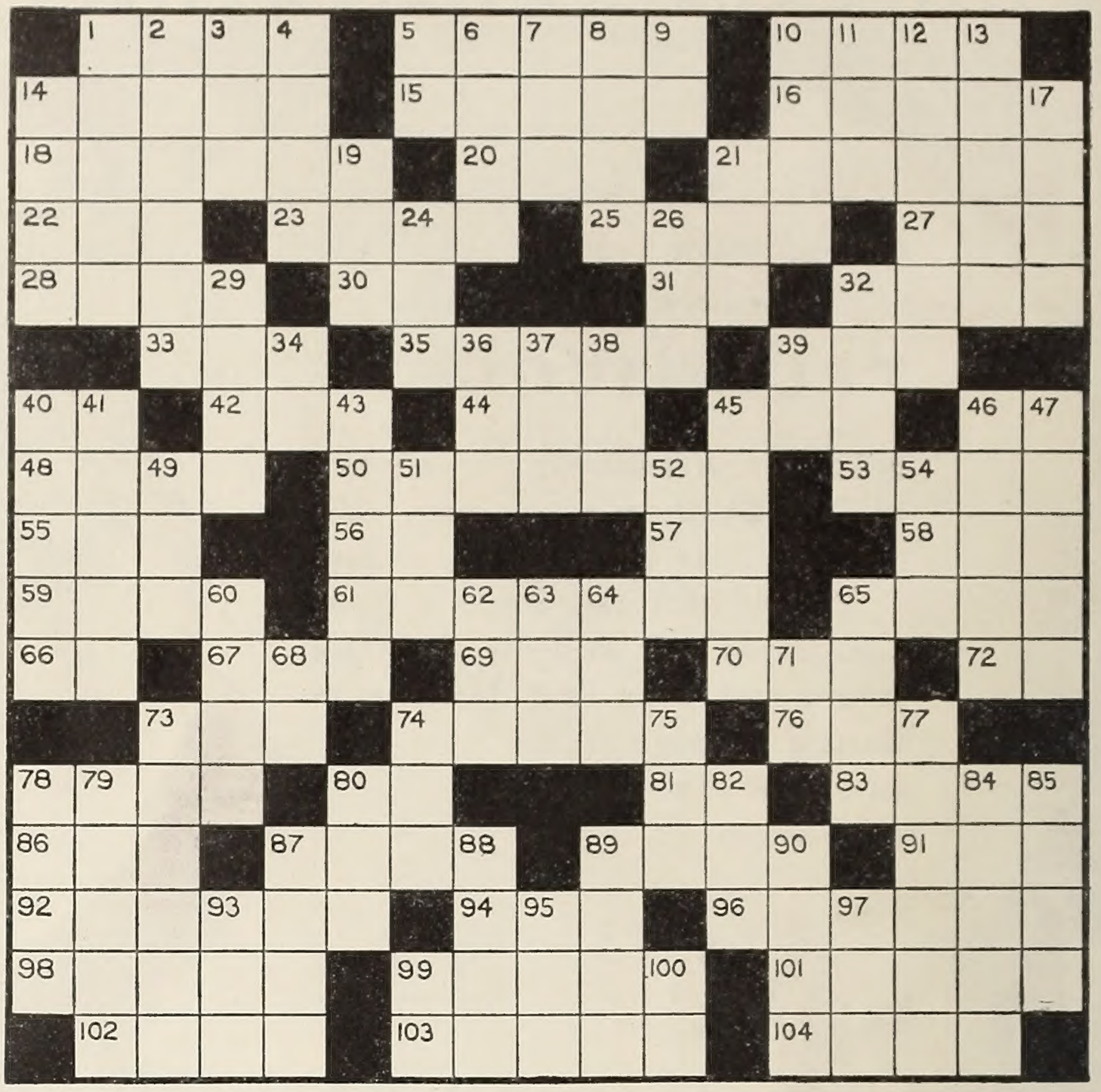
It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

The daily Mum habit will prevent every trace of underarm odor without preventing perspiration itself. Get this helpful habit—it pays socially! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY NAPKINS. Make sure that you can never offend in this way. Use Mum!

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle



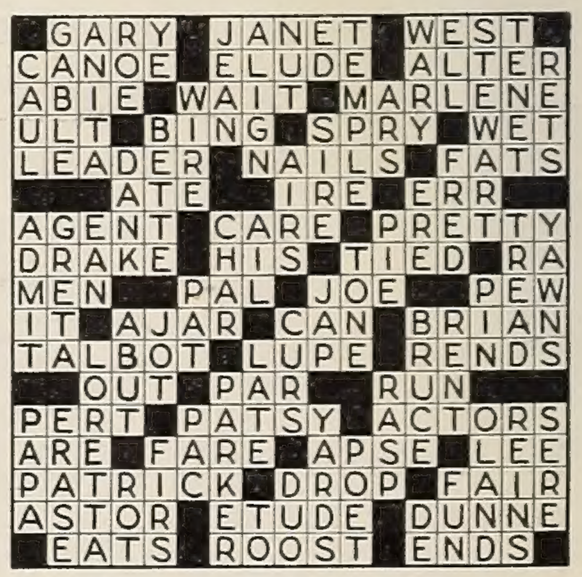
ACROSS

1. Co-star of "Follow the Fleet"
5. Heroine in "Tale of Two Cities"
10. The Secretary (versus the wife)
14. Famous opera star, now leading screen actress
15. Glove leather
16. Encircled
18. Historical chronicles
20. What a pea grows in
21. Her new one is "Love Before Breakfast"
22. Ingenue in "Anything Goes"
23. Philo Vance in "The Garden Murder Case"
25. What you use in knitting sweaters
27. Malt drink
28. Valley
30. Toward
31. Beside
32. Reared
33. Period of time
35. A peer
39. Acted
40. To leave
42. Ocean
44. Tiny
45. Male child
46. Exclamation
48. Her new one is "Colleen"
50. Sisters Joan, Constance, and Barbara
53. His new one is "Love on a Bet"
55. Greek letter
56. Chemical symbol for silver
57. Fragment of lava
58. Fatty liquid
59. Often used to live in on location
61. The bride who comes home
65. Poker term
66. European measure of area
67. A tree
69. Paddle
70. Shade tree
72. One
73. An insect
74. Ginger Rogers' husband
76. To be ill
78. To be painful
80. Exclamation to attract attention
81. River in Italy
83. Container for food
86. Anger
87. Encircle
89. Peered at
91. To open (poetic)
92. Star of "Splendor"
94. A night bird
96. She made her début in "Escapade"
98. Spanish for mister
99. First name of 96
101. Star of "Magnificent Obsession"
102. To contradict
103. Urged
104. Seasoning

DOWN

1. Dave in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"
2. Sydney Carton in "A Tale of Two Cities"
3. Epoch
4. Valley
5. Since
6. Weissmuller's sparring partner
7. The M-G-M lion
8. Co-star of "Rose-Marie"
9. Compass point (abbrev.)
10. Mrs. Franchot Tone
11. To make a mistake
12. On (a ship)
13. Girl's name
14. A star has this to help her dress
17. Act
19. Drunkard
21. You do this at a sad picture
24. In every beauty contest someone did this
26. Nickname of famous president
29. Not hard
32. Crooning star of "Anything Goes"
34. Biblical pronoun
36. To possess
37. Bebe Daniels' husband
38. Bing Crosby's wife
39. To achieve
40. Our beloved Swedish star
41. External
43. Backwards (also surprised)
45. Condition
46. Pasteur's daughter in "The Story of Louis Pasteur"
47. Actress who married a tennis star
49. To bar or prohibit
51. A ham actor has too much of this
52. A sailor
54. Indefinite period of time
60. Joan Crawford's husband
62. The Wife (vs. Secretary)
63. To prohibit
64. Before
65. Among
68. Nearby
71. Note of the scale
73. Sylvia Scarlett's big moment
74. Atmosphere
75. Mata Hari was shot for being this
77. Star in "The Voice of Bugle Ann"
78. Intentions
79. Wept
80. What a girl talks about most
82. Over (contraction)
84. Squandered
85. Present
87. Hero of "Desire"
88. Famous father and son actors with same name
89. Otherwise
90. Raised platform
93. Electrified particle
95. Worn on the head in a costume picture
97. Man's name
99. French article
100. Nickname of 23 across

Last Month's Puzzle



Tagging the Talkies

Continued from page 6

Robin Hood of El Dorado
M-G-M

Another saga of early California, perfectly cast and magnificently photographed, but, we fear, too realistic to please the average entertainment-seeker. Warner Baxter is superb as *Joaquin Murietta,* Mexican, who turns bandit to avenge cruelties inflicted by lawless *Americanos* in their greed for gold. J. Carrol Naish, Ann Loring, Margo, and others in support, excellent. Good, if you like strong action melodrama.

The Sky Parade
Paramount

Jimmie Allen, endeared to so many by his breath-taking experiences over the radio, in an action thriller that should please the juvenile population—though the story material seems pretty hackneyed stuff. Allen with more experience and better stories will be a better actor. Here the histrionic honors go to William Gargan, Katherine DeMille, Kent Taylor and other actors. Good chance to see a radio hero.

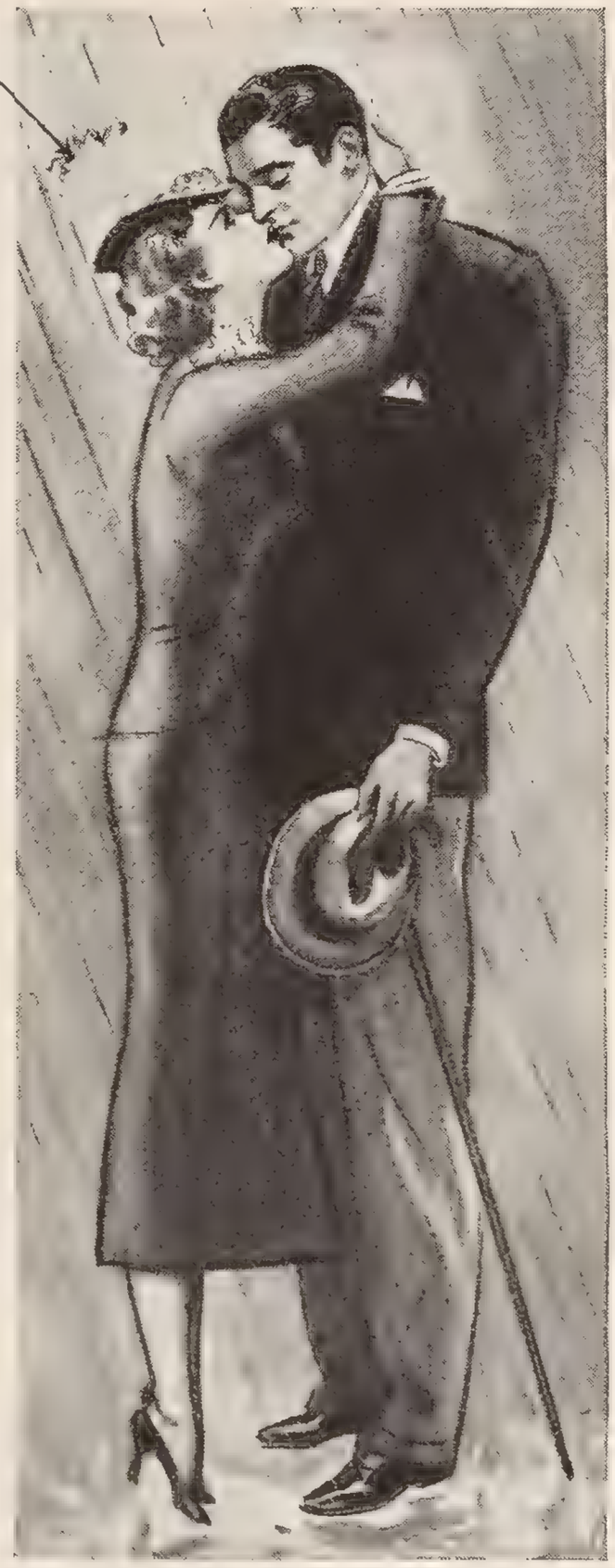
Little Miss Nobody
20th Century-Fox

Jane Withers is given every opportunity to play on the heartstrings and be her most hoydenish self in this well-written story, slightly reminiscent of "Daddy Long Legs." Jane's natural impulsiveness makes her make-believe amazingly real in her escapades in trying to have herself adopted by a real daddy. Ralph Morgan, Sara Haden, Claudia Coleman, Jane Darwell, and Harry Garey offer fine support. Jane scores again.

Two in Revolt
RKO-Radio

Some rare moments of pathos, a bit of comedy, and excitement enliven this human interest story which directs its appeal particularly to animal lovers. It's about a horse, a dog, and their young master, and the telling of the story loses nothing through good acting by John Arledge and Louise Latimer—neither prominent as box-office names, but both doing excellent work here. Good fare from beginning to end

"Kiss me again or I'll yell for help!"



THERE was a young actor
...oui, oui!
No respect for convention
had he.
He got slapped on the cheek
And jailed for a week
Just for kissing a girl in
Paree!

* * *

THE reason is not hard
to see...
The answer is simply that
he
Never met the young miss
Till he stole that sweet
kiss
But things happen fast in
Paree!

PICKFORD-LASKY
PRODUCTIONS
presents

Francis LEDERER
in ONE RAINY AFTERNOON

with

IDA LUPINO
HUGH HERBERT
ROLAND YOUNG
Erik Rhodes • Joseph Cawthorn

Directed by
ROWLAND V. LEE

Released thru United Artists

"HOW I ENDED CONSTIPATION"

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Bernice G. Ruttinghi
NOTARY PUBLIC

WHY LET constipation keep you run-down, listless, nervous and tired when permanent relief may be yours so easily? Take comfort from the above true story of another sufferer. For this is not just advertising promises, but the actual experience of one of the thousands who write to tell how Yeast Foam Tablets have ended their suffering and restored them to vigorous health.

There's no more need to make yourself the victim of habit-forming cathartics. Yeast Foam Tablets help restore natural digestive and eliminative functions without irritation. Rich in needed tonic elements, this pleasant, pasteurized yeast has banished constipation, headaches and other symptoms for thousands —bringing back the normal healthy glow of the skin—the natural pep—and the surging energy of buoyant health!

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. Do not accept a substitute. Send for Free Sample.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. SC-6-36

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Sitting pretty, are both Michael Whalen, who has advanced with a rush as a film favorite, and his prize bull terrier, in the actor's Hollywood garden.

Miss Anette. With one of the finest tenor voices in pictures, Nino Martini will go far if the producers will give him the opportunity. Nino was born about 30 years ago in Verona, Italy. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 152 pounds, and has black hair and brown eyes. At the age of ten years he was singing as soloist in Verona's San Fermo Cathedral. Jesse Lasky "discovered" him in Paris during one of Nino's concert tours, and in 1929 he made a series of shorts for Paramount. He was signed in 1931 by Columbia Broadcasting Co., who worked him into the Metropolitan Opera Co. He is unmarried, very shy, and lives at hotels with his singing teacher Zenatello, his accompanist, Sandoval, and his business manager. His first and only feature length picture to date is "Here's to Romance" with Anita Louise, Madame Schumann-Heink, Genevieve Tobin and Maria Gambarelli, the well-known dancer.

Carrie J. S. "The Private Life of King Henry VIII" was produced by London Film-United Artists and directed by Alexander Korda. John Loder, who was a favorite in American films some time ago, was in the cast; also another old favorite, Claude Allister.

Just A Fan. One of the outstanding supporting players in pictures is J. Carrol Naish, who was *Mansfield* in "Two in the Dark." He is *Comos* in the Franchot Tone-Madge Evans picture, "Exclusive Story," and *Three Fingered Jack* in "Robin Hood of El Dorado," starring Warner Baxter. Jack Durant and Molly O'Day are married and they have a little Durant and O'Day —no, not twins, just *one* kiddie. The adorable little Sybil Jason, Warner Bros. English child star, who played so delightfully in "Little Big Shot," was also in "I Found Stella Parrish" with Kay Francis, and is now to be seen with Al Jolson in "The Singing Kid."

Ray R. It's always a pleasure to see Ronald Colman on the screen. Since making "Clive of India" and "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," he has appeared in "Tale of Two Cities" and is next in "Under Two Flags," with Claudette Colbert. Ronald was born February 9, in Richmond, Surry, England. He has a dark complexion, dark hair, brown eyes, and weighs 175 pounds. When the war broke out in 1914 he was among England's "First One Hundred Thousand" and was disabled in the battle of Messines. Receiving a discharge for disability he went on the London stage. Then entered English pictures and in 1920 he came to America and was on the stage, following many hardships. In 1922 he was given the lead opposite Lillian Gish in "The White Sister."

K. P. of Baltimore. If you'll look up your February 1936 issue of SCREENLAND, you'll find a very interesting interview with the lovely mezzo-soprano, Gladys Swarthout of the Metropolitan Opera Co. Then put on the old grey bonnet or the best bib and tucker to see Gladys in "Rose of the Rancho" with John Boles. Her latest picture is "Give Us This Night" with Jan Kiepura.

Janine Z. Robert Taylor did appear in a short or two before he was discovered by M-G-M as a future sensation. He played with the late Will Rogers in "Handy Andy" for Fox and his second feature film was "There's Always Tomorrow" for Universal; and since then has been with Metro. Robert was born on August 5, 1911, in Filley, Nebraska. He has brown hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet 1 inch tall, and weighs 165 pounds. His real name is S. Arlington Brough. Not married. Among his pictures are "Times Square Lady," "West Point of the Air," "Broadway Melody," "Magnificent Obsession" with Irene Dunne, and "Small Town Girl," with Janet Gaynor.

Toni. Two of Joan Bennett's pictures have been: "She Couldn't Take It," playing opposite George Raft and Walter Connolly, and "Two for Tonight" with Bing Crosby. "13 Hours by Air" is her latest picture. Joan is the youngest of the Bennett sisters. She says she was born on February 27, 1911. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 108

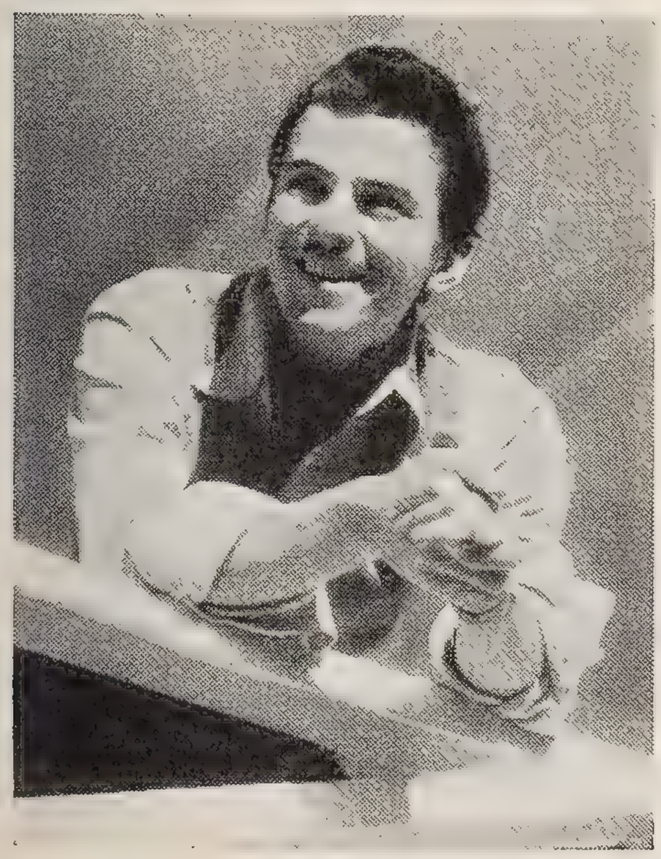
pounds, and has golden hair and blue eyes. She has two daughters: Diana who is seven years old, and Melinda, who was born in February of last year. Constance, Joan's sister, was born October 22, 1905, according to her biography, and is 5 feet 3½ inches tall.

Josephine W. Three months is a long time to be searching for the address of your favorite actor—why didn't you try your faithful Vee Dee? I'm always glad to come to the aid of all suffering-for-information fans. George Brent can be reached at Warner Bros.-First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. George was born on March 15, 1905, in Dublin, Ireland. He has brown hair, brown eyes, and is 6 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 165 pounds. Among his films were "Stranded," with Kay Francis; "Special Agent," with Bette Davis, and "In Person," with Ginger Rogers.

Dick N. S. Yes, you're right about Johnny Downs. He was a member of "Our Gang" when he was a little feller. Johnny has made some rapid strides and why shouldn't he with his charming smile and gracious manner? Johnny was in "College Scandal," "So Red the Rose" with Margaret Sullavan and Randolph Scott, and in "Coronado." He was a song writer in the last-named film. His latest is "Everybody's Old Man," starring Irvin Cobb.

S. S. I have never heard that Ben Turpin had his eyes operated on—they have always been Ben's greatest asset so why should he have them straightened? He appears in a short occasionally but is not on contract to any one studio, as far as I know. An excellent cast was assembled for "Little Lord Fauntleroy," marking the screen comeback of Dolores Costello Barrymore. With her are Freddie Bartholomew, Mickey Rooney, Guy Kibbee, E. E. Clive, C. Aubrey Smith, Constance Collier, Ivan Simpson, Una O'Connor, Jessie Ralph and Jackie Searle.

Elnore G. Sorry, I haven't the name of the piece Katharine Hepburn composed in "Break of Hearts" but you might try writing RKO-Radio Studios, Hollywood, Cal. They may give you the desired information. Katharine's latest release is "Sylvia Scarlett" with Cary Grant and Brian Aherne. Her next, "Mary of Scotland," is nearing completion with Fredric March as Hepburn's co-star in this screen version of the Maxwell Anderson play.



John Carroll, young leading man, seems mighty pleased with the view from his hilltop home in Hollywood.

His Waning Love KINDLED AGAIN!

Start the day—and the evening—with MAVIS . . . it gives you that alluring all-over fragrance

Mavis is more than a talcum . . . its tantalizing fragrance is so feminine—so Parisian! Always before you dress, clothe yourself in Mavis' gay allure. Don't consider your bath complete until you have dusted yourself all over with Mavis Talcum. Mavis is pure, soft as velvet, silken-fine. It protects your skin from drying, soothes it, keeps it young. And its clinging fragrance gives you a mysterious scented charm that men adore!

Mavis Talcum in 25¢, 50¢ and $1 sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10¢ size at 5-and-10¢ stores. We invite you to try Mavis—use coupon below.

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I enclose 10¢. Please send by return mail the convenient size of Mavis Talcum—so I can try its fragrant loveliness.

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S-6

Postscript

No MATTER how large and luxurious the dinner may have been before the party — when it's all over you find you're hungry again.

And so we suggest a big bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes in milk or cream for that late snack. They're light, crisp, satisfying. And because of them, tomorrow will be brighter. Sold everywhere. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

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Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES

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UNIVERSAL SONG SERVICE, 604 Meyer Bldg., Western Avenue and Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California

Jean Parker whips up some delectable foreign dishes to tempt the most exacting Spring appetite

By
Betty Boone

When a cinema cutie like Jean is in a culinary mood, you can count on getting some unusual recipes to add to your collection. Left and below, pretty Miss Parker prepares her pet salad.

Inside the Stars' Homes

A RED-ROOFED Spanish bungalow with little blue gate in its patio wall and flowers blossoming wherever they can find an inch of space, and to be sure, there are grapefruit trees loaded with luscious fruit. That's the Beverly Hills house of Jean Parker, or, to use the private-life name Jean acquired in her recent romantic marriage at Las Vegas, Nev., Mrs. George MacDonald.

"Things to eat can be so interesting," confided the slim young mistress of the house. "While I was in England making 'The Ghost Goes West,' and when we ran over to France, I made everyone's life miserable asking what the dishes were that were served and how they were made. After all, half the fun of tasting a new kind of food is figuring out how to fix it so that you can surprise your friends with it.

"One night at Claridge's I got so excited over a soufflé, they had to call in the chef to tell me all about it before I could finish my meal. It was the most delicious thing I ever put in my mouth! Let me tell you about it: It's called

ANGELICA SOUFFLÉ

⅓ cup flour
⅓ cup sugar
⅓ cup butter
5 eggs
1½ cups milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 pinch salt

"Mix the butter, flour and milk together, add the sugar, and cool slightly before adding the egg yolks well beaten. Bake in a buttered dish at 350 degrees oven for 50 minutes.

"With the soufflé you serve what the chef calls

VELVET SAUCE

½ cup sweet butter
1 cup sifted powdered sugar
2 egg yolks well beaten
½ cup whipping cream
½ teaspoon vanilla
½ teaspoon lemon extract

"Cream the butter, gradually add sugar, then egg yolks well beaten, then the flavoring, and last of all, very slowly, the whipping cream, beating all the time."

We were sitting in Jean's bedroom while we talked, a room designed especially for Jean in peach and pale blue. There was a peach-colored carpet on the floor; the four-poster bed had an all-over lace coverlet in peach color, and the net curtains about the bed were the same shade, but their ruffles were trimmed in blue braid. The same curtains hung at the windows. The chaise longue was of blue with a "throw" of

peach satin and mounds of delicate boudoir cushions in pastel shades.

Jean, in a dark blue, trimly fitting dress with a wide white frill, looked scarcely sixteen.

"Ethel, the cook, has a big dinner to get, and she doesn't like to be bothered, so they told me if we went into the kitchen to take pictures we'd get killed and that would be all there was about it.

"However, there are four of us, counting Buddy, who's taking the pictures, and the electrician, so let's all go in together! Maybe Ethel won't mind so much if we make a really good salad for her while we're about it."

So saying, Jean hopefully led the way through the white swinging door to the red-and-white kitchen. There were touches of red on the curtains, thin red stripes around the long tiled sink, and red in the breakfast-room table and chairs.

"We'll be awfully quick and terribly good, Ethel," Jean assured the cook, giving her a seraphic smile.

Wide World

Newlyweds! Jean Parker, our hostess this month, and George MacDonald, snapped after their recent marriage.

Ethel still looked anxious, but not dangerous, so we proceeded to line up the salad ingredients.

"It was really quite funny about this salad," said Jean, putting on her apron. "Remember that grand character actress who played with us in 'The Ghost Goes West?' Elliott Mason, her name is. She invited us to have a midnight supper with her at her London flat, after we had all been to the theatre, and she served this salad.

"After I'd tasted it, I said: 'What kind of fish is in here? Is it tuna or lobster or crab or some English shellfish?'

"She laughed at me. 'The kind of fish that is,' said she, 'is parsnips. I call it "Mock Crab Salad," because you think it's fish!' Can you believe it? I couldn't. But it's true. I often make it now. One of these days I'm going to have Anne Shirley over—we're good friends and both of us interested in new dishes—and fool her with my parsnip fish."

MOCK CRAB SALAD

1 cup shredded parsnips
½ cup shredded celery
8 olives (stuffed Spanish olives) cut fine
Lettuce

(*Continued on page 93*)

ROSITA MORENO in "HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES," a REPUBLIC PICTURE

DOUBLY ATTRACTIVE . . .
since she learned the secret of FASCINATING EYES

MEN find her "doubly attractive" since she learned the secret of lovely, fascinating eyes. And it's the same story over and over again whenever a girl first learns how easy it is to have long, lovely lashes.

You, too, can have that fascinating loveliness that invites romance, if you bring out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes with WINX Mascara. It works wonders. Just a touch of WINX to your lashes and instantly they appear darker, longer and more lustrous . . . your eyes sparkle . . . your whole appearance seems improved.

Try WINX today and see for yourself why so many smart, well-groomed women use WINX regularly for both daytime and evening make-up. You will particularly like the way its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft and natural-looking at all times.

WINX Mascara is offered in four colors—black, brown, blue, and green—and in three convenient forms—the *new* Creamy WINX (which is gaining in popularity every day), and the old favorites, Cake WINX and Liquid WINX. All are harmless, smudge-proof, water-proof, non-smarting, and easy to apply.

Your local drug and department stores carry WINX Mascara in the economical large size. You can also obtain the complete line of WINX Eye Beautifiers in *Introductory Sizes* at all 10¢ stores.

WINX
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If you want to keep the sparkle in your eye and the peaches and cream in your complexion, get rid of accumulated body waste *regularly.* If Nature fails to maintain a regular schedule, take a beauty laxative.

Olive Tablets are just the thing for the purpose. Gentle and mild, easy to swallow, non-habit-forming, they assist nature in her work of house cleaning.

Keep tab on yourself. If more than a day goes by, take a beauty laxative—Olive Tablets. Three sizes—15¢-30¢-60¢. All druggists.

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OLIVE TABLETS
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Remove the hair permanently, safely, privately at home, following simple directions. The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 35 years of successful use all over the world. **Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Illustrated Booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair "Forever."**
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Salutes and Snubs

Here's YOUR department! Let's hear about your pets and prejudices

Hollywood Reads What You Write

When the public speaks, Hollywood listens! You are the public, so why not tell what you think—your likes, dislikes, ideas and suggestions regarding stars, stories and pictures? The stars and producers are tremendously interested in your reactions to their work, are anxious to have your suggestions. And here's the place—your own department—in which to communicate your ideas direct to headquarters. All your letters are welcome. Try to restrict your letters to fifty words. Address them to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

This new picture of Carole Lombard will amuse or awe you according to your fashion taste! Carole, you see, is wearing one of those "Margo" inspirations, created by Travis Banton in blue lace. See the ruff around the neck? And the pattern in the lace is outlined in cellophane—what next?

MAKE-UP MADNESS

I'd like to lodge a hot and heavy protest against the exaggerated make-up some actresses use with the results of unnaturalness that spoils the whole show for me. Be a little more natural, gals, and it'll be more natural for us to be for you!

Hal Newcomb,
815 Orange Grove Ave.,
South Pasadena, Calif.

CAROLE, TAKE A BOW

Thanks to the talkies for bringing glamor and beauty into drab, commonplace lives. Yesterday, after seeing lovely Carole Lombard, I felt glamorous myself—and me wearing a two-year old hat, too! Of course, others might not have thought me glamorous, but that's because they couldn't see the inner glow that made me *feel* glamorous.

Latona L. Leimann,
721 East 11th St.,
Tacoma, Wash.

SNUBS THE PRODUCERS

I want the producers to know they ruined that otherwise perfectly swell picture, "The Bride Comes Home," by injecting a cheap slapstick ending into the final marriage scenes. Why couldn't they have maintained the light, intelligent touch instead of giving us that terrible burlesque ending?

Leah Stephens,
Route #1, Box 645,
Berkeley, Calif.

SALUTE TO SPRING

May I break into print in praise of Spring Byington in "Ah, Wilderness"? To my mind she is a grand character actress, and gets far too little applause. Her portrayal of the 19th century mother was so true to the times, I shall never forget her. Having lived through those days, I know whereof I speak.

Mrs. Helen D. Baldwin,
35 Grace St.,
Bloomfield, N. J.

ASIDE TO SPENCER TRACY

We like you, Spencer Tracy, but not always as the R-Man, (rough man). We want more pictures like "Whipsaw," not "Riffraff." Don't get the idea we want to

dictate, but we surely do like the Tracy-Loy team.

Martha O. Dukes,
125 Marion St.,
Greenwood, S. C.

BETTE DAVIS' MAGIC

Bette Davis' portrayals on the screen certainly fascinate me. What a grand performance that was in "Dangerous," and what other actress is there to equal Bette in the rôle of a hard-boiled woman and at the same time retain the love of the fans.

Edward M. Johnson,
17 Bristol St.,
Cuba, N. Y.

IDEA FOR MR. CAGNEY

Now sea stories are in vogue, what about starring Jimmie Cagney as the peppery little *Captain Kettle,* hero of the popular yarns by C. J. Catcliffe Hyne? "The Marriage of Captain Kettle" is crammed with action, and the stories with Mexican or Gold Coast locales are picturesque, meaty material.

Miss Bertha Barwis,
26 Dagnell Park,
South Norwood,
London, England.

HOORAYS FOR HUTCHINSON

I am in a dither of enthusiasm for an actress who is new to me—Josephine Hutchinson. Why everybody in the world isn't raving over her wonderful acting, I can't figure. But this I know: they soon will be.

Mrs. Scott Mitchell,
2121 Columbine,
Boulder, Colo.

PAGING A DISCOVERER

As a rule, I don't like short subjects. But I'd like to put in my vote for a series featuring Phil Harris. He is handsome, and he has a captivating personality. He's star material for the screen. Come on, somebody: discover him!

Helena B. Mason,
1505 Delaware Ave.,
Wilmington, Del.

SWEET SINGING

While Laurel and Hardy's comedy alone is sufficient to make the picture a success, "The Bohemian Girl" offers a surprising blending of beauty and pretty music. If I remember correctly there was no gazing lovingly into one another's throats as the vocalists rendered the tunes—which is something there is too much of in many of the recent musicals.

Mrs. Wilma Wembaugh,
718 E. Jefferson St.,
Goshen, Ind.

PROFESSOR LAUGHTON

It must take real courage continually to play the sop to our moral rectitude. After each performance by Charles Laughton I *dislike* him *better,* yet I know that without him some of the world's greatest lessons would never be learned.

Clara Lund,
504 Washington St.,
Eau Claire, Wis.

THE PLEA OF A BOYER FAN

Just because Charles Boyer has good looks and charm he is ridiculously branded "matinée idol." He is certainly something more than that term implies—an intelligent actor—rare to Hollywood. The fact men like him is excellent proof he is not just a "matinée idol."

Rachel Kemp,
1431 NE 12th Ave.,
Portland, Ore.

Every girl owes it to herself to make this "Armhole Odor" Test

If moisture once collects on the armhole of your dress, the warmth of your body will bring out stale "armhole odor" each time you wear your dress.

IT is a terrible thing for any nice girl to learn that she is not free from perspiration odor. Yet *9 out of 10 girls who deodorize only* will discover this embarrassing fact by making a simple test.

You owe it to *yourself* to make the test tonight. When you take off your dress, remember to smell the fabric under the arm. If moisture has collected on the armhole, *even once,* you will be able to detect a stale "armhole odor."

You cannot protect yourself *completely* by the use of creams or sticks, which deodorize only. They cannot keep the little hollow under your arm *dry*.

You may be completely dainty, but people near you are conscious of the stale "armhole odor" of your *dress!* They think it is *you!*

There is one SURE protection

Once a woman realizes what the problem is, she will insist on underarm *dryness*. That is why millions of fastidious women regularly use Liquid Odorono. With the gentle closing of the tiny pores in the small area under the arm, no moisture can ever collect on the armhole of your dress, to embarrass you later by creating an impression of uncleanliness.

Any doctor will tell you that Odorono is entirely safe. With Odorono, the excess perspiration is simply diverted to less "closed-in" parts of the body, where it is unnoticeable and evaporates freely.

Saves your lovely gowns

There's no grease to get on your clothes. And with all moisture banished, there's no risk of spoiling an expensive costume in one wearing. Just by spending those few extra moments required to use Odorono, you'll be repaid not only in assurance of complete daintiness, but in money and clothes saved, too!

Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) need be used only twice a week. For especially sensitive skin or hurried use, use Instant Odorono (Colorless) daily or every other day. At all toilet-goods counters.

If you want to be completely at ease and assured, send today for samples of the two Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 6S6, 191 Hudson St., New York City
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I enclose 8¢ for sample vials of both Instant Odorono and Regular Odorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

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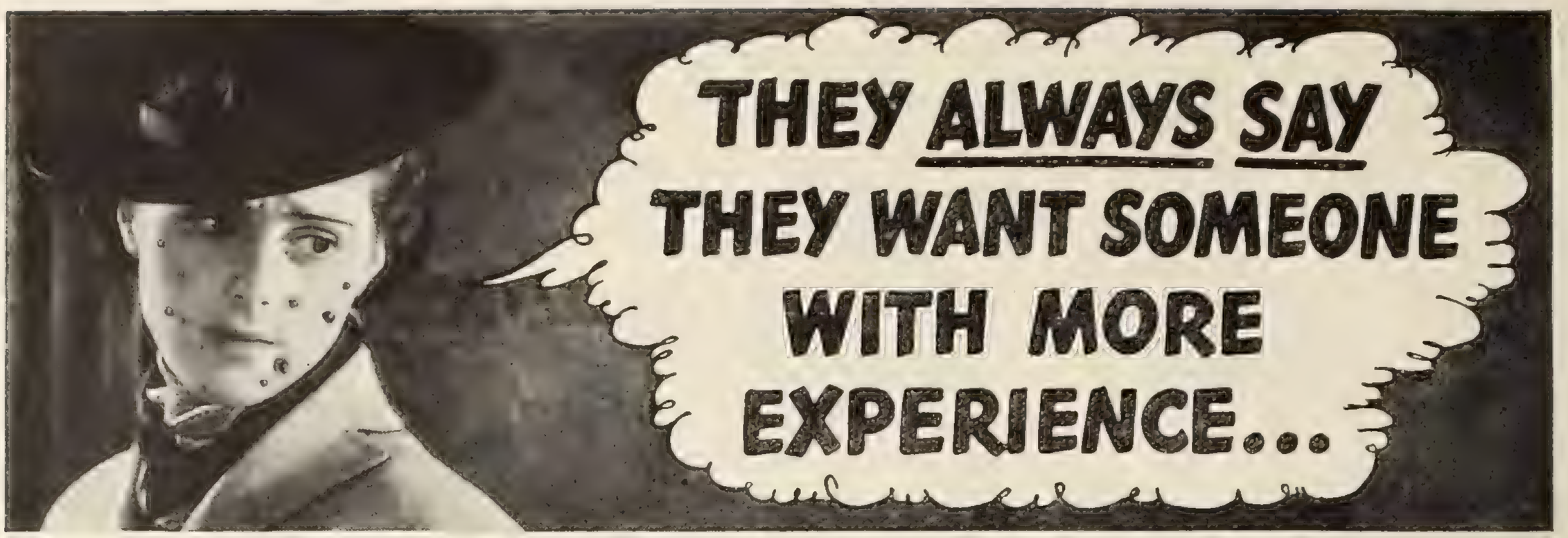
City *State*



-BUT THAT WASN'T THE REAL REASON SHE COULDN'T GET A JOB

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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Don't let Adolescent Pimples be a handicap to YOU

AFTER the beginning of adolescence--from about 13 to 25, or even longer—many young people are troubled by pimples.

During these years, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is often prescribed to help get rid of adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then —pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes daily—one about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it *regularly*—plain, or in a little water—until your skin clears. Start today!

The Editorial Page

An Open Letter to Bette Davis

DEAR BETTE:

You're a great disappointment to me. Here I've been waiting all this time to write you an Open Letter and you never gave me a chance. No temper, temperament, bad acting, or just plain meanness, so what could I do? But then came the Academy Award, and fresh hope. *There* was a title to live up to! A bit of the beastliness of "Human Bondage" could crop up, and probably would; a slight tinge of authentic nastiness; a profound dissatisfaction with everything—or at the very least, a new look of weary mystery. Very little left of the refreshingly frank, sane, humorous, and generally grand gal I first knew. In other words, a ready-made Open Letter.

And what happens? You come to New York, fresh from your triumph, to do a broadcast for big money, and you're mobbed at the station, surrounded by shrieking reporters, snapped by candid cameramen every waking hour, and practically torn to pieces every time you venture outside your hotel. All very promising, all very much according to the best Academy Award Winner routine. All I had to do was to lurk, awaiting the moment—it must come—when Bette Davis from Boston would turn into a composite of Every Big Star. It was just a question of time, not long enough for Shirley Temple to grow up to pick on.

But something went wrong from the start. "I'm thrilled," you said. "It's fun to win. I don't know what I said at the banquet, I was too excited; but later they told me I kept asking, 'Where's everybody? There's nobody here!' with half of important Hollywood at my elbow. What I meant was, I didn't see my director or scenario writer of 'Dangerous' and I thought they should be in on it too."

This was bad, very bad. What to do with an Academy Award Winner who doesn't pretend to be oh-so-surprised-is-this-really-all-for-little-me as she dashes in to receive the award while on her way to somewhere; who *does* want to share the statue with others, and who calls the statue Oscar, of all things? But there you were, Bette Davis, looking very little, young, and shining-eyed, openly admitting it was the big event in your life, and you wouldn't have missed it.

I didn't give up yet, though. Maybe, I thought, you'd begin to Strike for higher things, such as only two pictures a year, inspiration music on the set, and your own portable bungalow. But you were frankly interested at the moment in just one thing—getting back home to New England, to be met by mayors, bands, and banners, but particularly relatives and old friends who knew you when, and the more the merrier.

Well, then, what about a grievance? Every big star has one. Ah—at last! Your big blue eyes clouded; you began to get just a little of that "Human Bondage" look about the mouth—that famous Bette Davis lip-droop that bodes no good for man, woman, child, or Leslie Howard; that made you, the pint-size belle from Bean Town, one of the world's most talked-about actresses. "Yes, there *is* something," you muttered tensely. "Something I long to do, that I'd give my right hand to do." Better and better! Not ever Garbo could smoulder more dramatically than this. Here was temperament rampant, even amok. "*I wanted to play in Hepburn's picture, and they wouldn't let me!*"

When an Academy Award Winner wants to play a supporting part in a Hepburn picture, that's a miracle. And you may have it. I know it's wonderful, Bette, that you've kept your head in Hollywood; that you'd actually rather play a good acting part in another star's picture than star in your own, written especially for you. But do you want to set a dangerous precedent? When other stars hear of this devotion to art and lack of swish and chi-chi on the part of a Winner, a new era of devastating honesty may sweep Hollywood. Instead of relying on personality cycles, stars will go in for versatile acting, seeing what it has done for you. Good sportsmanship may become smart, and glamor give way to well-bred distinction. And there won't be anyone left to write Open Letters to.

Delight Evans

GABLE'S

By Ben Maddox

Who's the lucky girl Clark Gable is dating? You'd better read SCREENLAND's story about Gable's bachelor fun-life. It's no fake "revelation," but the real thing, without trumped-up trimmings. Clark admits plenty, denies some more, but always talks with terrific frankness. Don't miss our feature here.

SO NOW how's about the Great Gable's bachelor freedom?

It's the one remaining thing about him that hasn't been satisfyingly explained. The papers headline his occasional long jaunts away from Hollywood. Whenever he has his next real vacation Clark intends to board the China Clipper. And then what excitement there'll be in the Orient!

Meanwhile, he's staying in Hollywood and the columnists are coy in their hinting. The candid cameras snap his photo here; they snap it there. Evidently Gable is what's going 'round and around still, and a pretty damsel's always astutely lurking alongside.

Let's plunge right into this new private life he's having for himself and learn All. Maybe your imagination turns riotous at the very idea of his amusement program. Since he's single again our most popular actor ought to be having a hot time in the swanky Beverly Hills every night. With *his* appeal, his money, and his screen halo, his leisure divertissements should be just colossal.

Oh, no doubt Clark has to pop over to the studio to be glorified. But as soon as the director yells quits the lucky egg can come out of a clinch with a stream-lined siren and begin cutting up in grand and glorious fashion. From then on likely it's every ambitious gal for herself-and-Gable. And curfew dare not ring on love.

But let's jump right into the specific, without further haggling. I swear, invariably, that there's nothing more enlightening than the exact data on certain people's affairs. Henceforth, no hedging from the Gable front—what *is* he doing for his relaxation seeing that he's back in the bachelor ranks? You know he isn't the stuffy type who'd want to devote himself completely to his Art.

I've checked his lighter moments, both by a little detective work of my own, and by asking Clark pertinent, point-blank questions, and receiving point-blank replies.

"You suppose I might be partying every evening?" He chuckled at this and reached into his right coat pocket for a cigarette and a lighter. Said gadget eventually flamed. "Well," he retorted, "I *did* begin on that scheme! I was introduced to many fascinating persons in Hollywood. I'm awfully human, and I confess readily that I'm intrigued by a lot of action. Only I discovered, sad to have to report, that I couldn't take it! I can't be up half the night and be any good the next day. I tried—and that's precisely why I'm not continually on the go!"

He hasn't been rushing any one beauty, contrary to all printed innuendos. Indeed, he hasn't dated a one of his eligible leading ladies. I wouldn't want you to brand him a hermit, however. While Clark's no Lothario on the loose, he's not vaccinated against feminine charms.

His latest move is into a smart apartment. For almost half a year after he and Rhea Gable separated he resided contentedly in a Beverly hotel. It was pleasant for a while not to bother with details.

"But I want to entertain some," he told me. "On Saturday evenings it's nice to invite ten or twelve folks in for dinner. I serve them a cocktail and afterwards we debate everything from cabbages to dictators. Or indulge in contract or backgammon. I'm crazy about both."

The Gable headquarters were rented furnished. Clark doesn't require tricky interiors. He's in tune with any room that's tasteful to the masculine eye. The apartment isn't vast; in fact, it's so compact it borders on the cozy. And there's no imperial retinue. Clark prefers to wait on himself as much as possible. One efficient servant attends to the housekeeping.

His marital split hasn't changed his circle. Gable's friendship is a sincere, lasting thing and he continues to pal with the same crowd of married couples. He does his social whirling with the Wesley Ruggleses, (Arline Judge), the Richard Barthelmesses, the Donald Ogden

BACHELOR DATES

For the first time, and perhaps the last, Clark talks straight from the shoulder about his new private life. Here's no hokum "confession," but the real truth

Stewarts, the Phil Bergs, (Leila Hyams), the Bob Leonards, the Sam Woods, and the Hunt Strombergs.

"They don't object to my tagging along as 'odd man,' and I don't mind." When he's on a picture he accepts week-night dates only at homes of these close friends. "They realize I'm not being deliberately rude when I want to leave by ten. I can walk out, with no qualms. You can't be that informal with everyone."

Clark is thoroughly impulsive. He hates to budget any portion of his life, to be tied down to a grind. This characteristic is carried into his play.

"My fun-formula?" He repeated my query. "I take my fun on the run. I have to sandwich it in, instead of scheduling it, because of the nature of my job. We're never positive when we'll be through, or how much time we'll have off. But I'd detest figuring out how to allot my spare hours, if I could. Fun's got to be spontaneous, or it *isn't*. At least, to me." His willingness to join a party at the last minute makes him the ideal guest. Gable plus such a superb disposition—and he's away out in Hollywood, darn it!

"Out last night and out the night before? You mean in bed sleeping and the same any number of nights before. I'm employed in a picture currently, fellow!"

I didn't doubt that, for I'd caught up with him between earthquakes. While they were readjusting the "San Francisco" street set for another sudden catastrophe, Clark sprawled in a canvas chair on a bit of lawn on M-G-M's back lot. He was quite masterfully disheveled, having been appropriately damaged by the 'quaking. Yet even though his clothes were torn and spotted, and a bloody gash was dobbed on his face, he remained Gable. I think he's swell because he's never acquired that ennui which afflicts many of these babies who've skyrocketed. I don't even mind that devastating dimple which is automatic with every grin.

Much has been written about (*Continued on page 95*)

Gable's latest screen love is Jeanette MacDonald, pictured at right with Clark in a scene from "San Francisco," their first co-starring picture. Yes, Jeanette sings a little, and Clark makes love a lot! Below, Gable with Ted Healy and his stooges, also in the Gable-MacDonald movie.

Maybe It's Spring!

By Elizabeth Wilson

Joan Blondell used to sit at home in her hilltop house, but now, full of health and the urge to have fun, has many dates with Dick Powell, seen with her below at a recent social event. It really isn't a party without Joanie.

Wide World

MAYBE it's spring and maybe it ain't but I must say I've never seen such a pretty howdy-do among the movie stars as there has been these last few weeks. Stars who spurned the gay social life just as if it might be something the cat dragged in and who hadn't bumped into a milkman in years suddenly swooped down on Hollywood hostesses and night clubs and became the life of the party. Yes, indeed, time was when you could count on the Garbos of Hollywood keeping their silences and hiding their faces in their lonely castles on the Brentwood moors—ah, those were the good old days of mystery and conjecture—but now they romp and bounce all over the premises like a bunch of Junior Leaguers. When I think of the years I spent trying to meet Margaret Sullavan, Irene Dunne and Barbara Stanwyck —and now no matter where I go dancing, at the Cocoanut Grove, the Troc, the Beverly Wilshire, or the Countess di Frasso's, I stumble over Margaret, Irene, and Barbara. Well, I always say even if you *are* a movie star you're entitled to some fun, so I'm all for the girls and boys going on a laughing jag for a change and whooping it up wherever they like.

Margaret Sullavan, she of the screwy temperament, has always been one of the "mystery" girls of Hollywood, and was rarely seen except at the studio, and not then if she had anything to do with it. "She wants to be alone," her publicity read. "She likes to drive by herself in an open car for hours at a time, a lonely little girl in a world of her own." Well, I never did understand geometry and higher mathematics, (not even lower, for that matter), but somehow or other Margaret's world and Hollywood's world suddenly coincided, and now you can find little Maggie anything but alone at parties, premieres, and gay dance places.

What brought about this startling change in Miss Sullavan?

Explaining Hollywood's current amazement as stars who used to spurn the social whirl suddenly decide to play, laugh, and be gay

Maybe it's spring—but more likely it's Henry Fonda. And with Walter Wanger playing Cupid. You see Mr. Wanger bought Faith Baldwin's "The Moon's Our Home" and adapted it for the screen and borrowed Margaret Sullavan from Universal to play the lead in it opposite Henry Fonda. Henry Fonda, as you of course know, is Margaret's ex-husband. Some five or six years ago when Margaret and Henry were a couple of crazy kids struggling on the New York stage for recognition and not getting it, they decided that two eggs could be fried as easily as one over the gas jet—so, hopelessly in love and quite madcapish about the whole thing, they got married. Then Margaret became a (*Continued on page 87*)

International

Wide World

In the social swim now! Top, Ronald Colman and Benita Hume; next, Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. Griffin; left, Margaret Sullavan, and above, with Henry Fonda. Extreme left: Cary Grant; below, Robert Taylor.

The World's "ROMEO and JULIET"

"Good-night, good-night! Parting is such sweet sorrow that I will say good-night, till it be morrow."

Copyright by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation

The immortal romance of Romeo and Juliet, realized most poignantly in the modern art medium of the motion picture, thrills you anew with Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard as the lovers

Fictionized by

Elizabeth Petersen

EDITOR'S NOTE: SCREENLAND is prepared for criticism in presenting Shakespeare's great romance in fiction form. Ever since Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford made "The Taming of the Shrew," with its notorious screen credit of "Additional Dialogue by Sam Taylor," Hollywood has taken a beating every time the sacred Shakespearean plays have been translated to the screen. We believe that Shakespeare, supreme showman of all time, would welcome the wide applause made possible by closer contact with the world's greatest audience, the motion picture public. Those who are awed by Shakespeare's "Art" malign him. He was the great entertainer.

D. E.

SHE was beautiful as the night is beautiful, this Juliet of the princely house of Capulet, with eyes that held the tenderness of stars and skin as softly white as sleeping moonlight. And fair as the day is fair with her smile that was like the coming of morning.

Romeo but looked at her and all that had gone before in his life was meaningless. It had happened in the space of a heart beat, that first sight of her and with it the knowledge that forever more must he love her.

There had been vague stirrings in his heart before as in the earth when Spring is first coming, for Romeo was young and tall and the lordly name of Montague was his to make the fairest of the Verona maidens tremble when he passed. There had been Rosalind, the capricious, for whose smile he had braved coming to the palace of the Capulets, his family's ancient enemy

Greatest Love Story

where she was one of the guests.

Then he had seen Juliet, and Rosalind and the others who had gone before her were forgotten. For this thing that held him was no vague stirring of any Spring but a lasting thing that struck deep into every Spring that had gone before or would come afterward. The others had been fragile flowers that had pleased and held him for a little while. This was a tree in its full blossoming and it was so rooted in his heart that even had he wished it so he could not free himself.

There is no love so poignant as that which comes at first glance, and it came to Juliet too as her hand rested on the arm of Paris, the young nobleman her parents favored. It had not seemed hard before to listen to their pleas that she find indulgence in his courting of her. But now it was different. Her whole life's course changed by a single look of one who was a stranger to her!

It was almost as if she could hear Romeo's words as he turned to his cousin Benvolio and said with that new rapture in his voice: "O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright. It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear, beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear."

There was another who had seen that long look that had passed between these two. He was Tybalt, Juliet's kinsman and one who had done much to keep the fires of the ancient grudge between the Capulets and the Montagues burning high.

He went now to his uncle the prince and demanded that the son of the Montagues be punished for daring to come within their household.

"Content thee, let him alone." Capulet smiled in rare good humor, for he was host tonight and the dancing and gayety pleased him. "I would not for the wealth of all this town here in my home do him disparagement. Therefore be patient. Take no note of him."

The head of his name had spoken, so Tybalt regretfully took his hand from his rapier. But his uncle's words had sent hate of all Montagues, and of Romeo in special, deeper into his heart. The day would come, and soon, when all that hatred could be loosed. He must content himself to wait.

There was room for nothing but love in the hearts of Romeo and Juliet as they danced together, as he led her from the dance floor to the garden where for a moment he held her and felt her heart beat against his. Felt her hair brush as lightly as swallow's wing against his cheek as his (*Continued on page 68*)

"Two households, both alike in dignity, in fair Verona where we lay our scene, from ancient grudge break forth to new mutiny, where civil blood makes civil hands unclean. From forth the fatal loins of these two foes a pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life—" The Prologue, "Romeo and Juliet."

Cupid Okays Oakie

And don't laugh! For no groom was ever more seriously in love than Jack. Here's real romance

By Jerry Asher

YOU can expect almost anything in Hollywood now that Mrs. Oakie's little boy Jack is a blushing groom!

Impetuous Jack Oakie a married man. Jack, the beloved buffon, a benedict. Oakie the cleverest clown in pictures, settled down to being a harlequin husband! The whole set-up would almost seem fantastic, if it weren't for one little thing. Jack Oakie is in love. Not the kind of love you've seen him make on the screen. Nor is it the gay sort of affectionate kidding, that Jack can do so convincingly. This time Jack is dead in earnest. His mask of merriment is as serious as a Shakespearean drama, when he speaks of the lady of his heart.

Six years isn't such a long time, and yet in Hollywood six minutes can seem like a lifetime. It was just a little over six years ago that Jack Oakie came to Hollywood. He was fresh as paint. Somewhere along the way someone had laughed at his antics. Jack was a clown at heart, so getting the laughs came easy. He was ambitious to an almost pathetic degree. He was so serious about making good, that he clowned all the harder, to hide the inevitable disappointments. Life as yet hadn't touched him too seriously. Outside of his tender devotion to his mother, Jack was inclined to take things pretty lightly.

Jack Oakie and his bride, Venita Varden, are the happiest honeymooners in Hollywood. Jack's mother, with them above, is as proud of his bride as he is—and Venita's mother adores Jack.

One night Jack was taken to a Hollywood party. "There are picture people here," someone muttered. The words worked like magic. Clowning like mad, Jack was the life of the party. Then someone pointed out Director Wesley Ruggles. Without hesitation, Jack walked up to him.

"My name's Oakie," he began. "Now if you're looking for a comedian, a real funny man, here I am." Ruggles wasn't looking for a real funny man. In fact he wasn't looking for anything, but a quiet corner where he could go and be let alone.

A few days later, Jack met a giant-sized extra, who is now an (*Continued on page 74*)

GLADYS Talks Back about Grace

Can Miss Swarthout take it? Read her vividly colorful ideas below

"SHE is an elegant whirlwind! All the world's her stage and Grace is seldom off center. Her singing voice is to me like heady champagne. And so is Grace, herself. There's such tremendous punch to her pep that you zoom hastily up onto the crest of a wave, too.

"I wish I had her astounding vivacity. She's intoxicated with life and is wildly enthusiastic about everything from opera to new cooking recipes, golf to emeralds. Today's best society seeks her company, and her pet game is rummy! She's an American girl with a Spanish husband, and until a year ago her residence was officially a picturesque villa in Cannes, France.

"Her courage is a constant incentive to me. When I recall how she has dared, and won, I resolve to do better. But probably what I'm most impressed by, from a professional standpoint, is her marvelous certainty. Grace never deigns to recognize an obstacle, is positive where she is headed, and is *sure* she's right!"

I found the much-discussed "rival" to Grace Moore on a set, also. Only this was the stage of an opera house. Gladys Swarthout, in a plain dark blue dress, was being photographed with a couple of other supposed amateurs as they sat tensely on stiff wooden chairs, listening to Jan Kiepura sing first.

Between "takes," while the Polish tenor strode up and down in Napoleonic fashion, Gladys joined me in the wings. Here, instead of magical blondness, is all the supreme loveliness of the sculptured brunette beauty. Swarthout is a great contrast to Moore, both in looks and personality. Huge brown eyes are pools of calm tenderness. Her complexion is a satiny olive, and there's a suggestion of delicate nobility which captivates you.

If you've been trying Norma Shearer's *Juliet* hairdress, you'll be interested in noting that Gladys has been wearing her own soft dark tresses that way all the while. Adrian poured into historical tomes to concoct it for Norma, who thereupon discovered that the svelte newcomer had already introduced it. So Norma, as you'd anticipate her doing, frankly asked if she could go on imitating. Gladys murmured, "I'm flattered to death!"

"Grace is independent and I'm not," she asserted to me, as I probed for (*Continued on page 91*)

Frank Chapman, above with our heroine, is never called "Mr. Gladys Swarthout." He's boss in the family, and his illustrious prima donna wife adores having it so.

Beauty Prize

By Vicki Baum

Illustrated by Fix

THE STORY UP TO NOW

Steve Tyndall, manager of Bend River's lone telegraph station, is the first to congratulate Ruth Quirk on winning a screen magazine's beauty contest. Steve phones the good news to Ruth at the five-and-ten-cent store where she works, and his fears that this turn of events means the end of his dreams of marrying the pretty girl seem confirmed when days go by and he does not hear from Ruth, now busy preparing to go to Hollywood for a screen test and conferring with a representative of the magazine on the selection of a new name for her screen career. Then one night Steve decides to call at the home where Ruth lives with her widowed mother. But arriving there, he feels he will be in the way, and retraces his steps without even knocking at the door. Read what happens next.

PART II.

RUTH came in next day. She was wearing a new hat, and she had her own fountain pen.

"Hello, Steve," she said. It wasn't cool, exactly, yet it certainly didn't sound as though they'd ever kissed each other on the front porch. She needed no help with her messages this time. Her pen flew over the paper and, when she'd finished, she handed the forms to Steve with a rather businesslike air.

HARRY QUIRK
CROWN FLOWER MILL
MINNEAPOLIS MINN.
THANKS LEAVE FOR HOLLYWOOD EARLY NEXT MONTH STOP MOTHER STAYS HERE LOVE

RUTH•

SILVERSHEET
5900 HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
RECEIVED LETTER AGREE PROPOSED NAME STOP MANY THANKS FOR CHECK AWAITING FURTHER NEWS

VIOLA PALMER

ROWLAND LYMAN
27 EAST 56TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY
ARRIVE NEW YORK PARK HOTEL NEXT WEEK STOP LOOKING FORWARD TO OUR COLLABORATION

RUTH VIOLA

Steve took the messages from her and began tapping them out on the machine, while she rummaged about in her bag for money. The bag was new, too—black suede.

"Great doings," he said, his voice strained. "So you're really leaving us."

"Here you are," she said. "Three eight six, right? It's like a dream come true, isn't it?"

"Rolly says I'm just the type they're looking for," said Ruth. "Oh, those Hollywood baboons'll be crazy about you all right," Steve said wearily, and for perhaps the hundredth time he consigned Rolly to the darkest depths of perdition.

The richly human story of a girl who wins what millions seek—a chance in Hollywood

"Can I—I mean—could we have another date before you go?"

"Oh, of course," she answered. "I'll call you."

Steve didn't dare send so much as a glance after her, when she left. First of all, Joe was sitting there, watching him, and besides it just didn't seem the thing to do. That night he went to the movies alone, his heart as sick with longing for Ruth as though she'd been in Hollywood for a year. In the film, the young people married at the end. He'd been a chump ever to dream of such a thing. Only a chump would fall in love with a girl who was prettier than Greta Garbo. He went to the corner drugstore, ate a banana split, and bought a bottle of whisky to put him to sleep. He'd had enough of tossing and twisting every night, and rising dull-eyed and heavy every morning.

Telegrams came marching out of the moister:

MISS VIOLA PALMER
BEND RIVER OHIO
SAW YOUR PHOTO IN SILVERSHEET STOP MAY WE REPRESENT YOU IN HOLLYWOOD STOP BELIEVE WE CAN GET YOU GOOD CONTRACT

STERN & CLAYBERG AGENCY
8372 SUNSET BOULEVARD

MISS VIOLA PALMER
% SILVERSHEET
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
SAW YOUR PHOTO IN SILVERSHEET STOP PLEASE WIRE COLLECT YOUR TERMS FOR MODELLING OUR NEW BRASSIERE QUOTE UPLIFT UNQUOTE

LIFTA COMPANY
CHICAGO

MISS VIOLA PALMER
% SILVERSHEET
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
SAW YOUR PHOTO IN SILVERSHEET YOU ARE MY DREAM GIRL HOW CAN I MEET YOU HAVE LARGE FARM AND ENOUGH CASH TO MAKE GIRL HAPPY

FRANK BAYLE
BLUE CREEK, IOWA

MISS RUTH QUIRK
376 North 23RD STREET
BEND RIVER OHIO
TICKETS BOUGHT AND BERTH RESERVED NEW YORK TO HOLLYWOOD FOR WEDNESDAY THE FOURTEENTH STOP WIRE CONCONFIRMATION YOUR DEPARTURE ON THAT DATE

SILVERSHEET

MISS RUTH VIOLA PALMER QUIRK
% WOOLWORTH'S
BEND RIVER OHIO
DELIGHTED WITH LETTER STOP YOU ARE A DARLING STOP SEE YOU IN NEW YORK LOVE

ROLLY

MISS VIOLA PALMER
% SILVERSHEET MAGAZINE
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
DO YOU CARRY LIFE INSURANCE STOP IF NOT GET IN TOUCH AT ONCE WITH PROVIDENCIA, PROVIDENCE RHODE ISLAND

(Continued on page 83)

Love

as burning as Sahara's Sands

From Ouida's romantic novel of the French Foreign Legion, flashes this glorious spectacle-drama of men's heroism and women's devotion, enacted by one of the greatest casts the screen has ever seen.

UNDER TWO FLAGS

starring *Ronald* **COLMAN** *(Beau Geste)*

featuring *Claudette* **COLBERT** *(It Happened One Night)*

VICTOR McLAGLEN *(The Informer)*

ROSALIND RUSSELL *(Rendezvous)*

with GREGORY RATOFF • NIGEL BRUCE • C. HENRY GORDON • HERBERT MUNDIN

AND A CAST OF 10,000

a DARRYL F. ZANUCK 20th CENTURY PRODUCTION
(Les Miserables . . House of Rothschild)

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Directed by Frank Lloyd *(Cavalcade . . Mutiny on the Bounty)*
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Based on the novel by Ouida

20th CENTURY FOX

Is Hepburn Making Screen History?

Making historical movies is hardly the same thing as making cinema history—oh, no! Katharine Hepburn accomplished the latter feat in "Little Women." She is now appearing in "Mary of Scotland," historical drama about the fascinating, if luckless, Mary Stuart—the rôle played on the stage by Helen Hayes. Fredric March plays the Earl of Bothwell—a swashbuckling rôle. Directing Miss Hepburn is the brilliant John Ford, who made "The Informer." Art, or Box-Office, or both?

Hepburn as Mary of Scotland is supported by Fredric March as Bothwell—left; Douglas Walton as Lord Darnley, above; and a star-spangled cast of other thespians including Florence Eldridge, (Mrs. Fredric March), as Mary's rival, Queen Elizabeth.

Two Beauties Come Back!

American Beauty Number One, Loretta Young, returns to the screen after her long illness as the heroine of "The Unguarded Hour," with Franchot Tone as her leading man. Loretta, lovelier, more ethereal than ever, augments her come-back with another picture, "Private Number"—so you'll be seeing this Young girl soon, and often!

Clarence Sinclair Bull

William Walling, Jr.

British Beauty, Madeleine Carroll, is lured back to Hollywood to be starred in three Walter Wanger productions—the first, "The Case Against Mrs. Ames," with George Brent playing opposite. Miss Carroll's English picture with Robert Donat, "The 39 Steps," was such a personal triumph for the beautiful blonde actress that the Hollywood offers poured in, and unlike her co-star Mr. Donat, who is holding out against a long-term Hollywood contract, Madeleine accepted, and her glittering new career begins.

"Fairhaven" is the name he has given his estate, and Victor McLaglen chose its location for its natural beauty. Left, the star takes in the scenery from the lower terrace leading to the house, perched on a knoll.

McLaglen At Home

At ease! The pavilion adjoining the tennis court offers invitation to make yourself comfortable, as McLaglen does above. At the left, a close-up of the master of the manor on the terrace stairway.

Easy to see McLaglen's interests run to sports and the outdoors, by the pictures and other objects in the view above of the star of "The Informer" in one of his favorite retreats.

Beautiful landscaping makes "Fairhaven" one of California's most impressive estates. Right, the star seated on the lawn enjoying the view which carries the eye from the Pacific eastward to the high Sierras.

Academy Award Winner takes us on a sight=seeing tour of his magnifi=cent home in the La Canada hills near Pasadena, California

In the trophy room, above, Vic seems as proud of the cups won by his thoroughbreds as of his own award for acting. Below, with his favorite mount, Duchess, one of his eight thoroughbred jumpers.

These photographs of Victor McLaglen's home were made exclusively for SCREENLAND *by Gene Kornman*

You find a variety of pets at McLaglen's, among them several deer of which the actor and his family are especially fond. Meet the deer, above, with Victor extending the hand of friendship.

The Language of Flowers

There's the lilt of poetry in what's said by a lei of spring posies, and see how Eleanore Whitney, right, wears one to garland her svelte figure. Of course, you have to do things with your eyes when you speak this language—as witness the eloquent beauties here.

Marion Davies shows how you can give a charming meaning to a pensive mood with lilies-of-the-valley for headdress and costume ornament. Above, Carol Hughes lets a spray of white flowers accentuate the brunette loveliness of her hair. Below, Ann Sothern, now a brownette, strikes a sophisticated pose.

White violets have the mood that suits the blonde beauty of Ann Harding, and nothing could make that more emphatic than the picture of Ann above. But for a brunette who wants to be saucily engaging, take pink camellias, as Marsha Hunt does when she turns on the charm at right.

Every smart girl must learn to speak it —so take a lesson from Hollywood

Gardenias for glamor, or is it the other way about? Anyway, note at left, how Margot Grahame expresses an exotic mood with these symmetrical blooms. Below, roses, roses with long, long stems, for Anita Louise to match the wistful loveliness of her "lavender and old lace" mood in the picture below.

A rare mood for Joan Bennett, but rarely expressed, you'll admit, as you contemplate the enigmatic look Joan emphasises with a spray of violets in her hair. At left, Gail Patrick shows flowers need not be confined to corsages and bouquets.

And flowers certainly belong in the phase of romance portrayed at lower left: Frances Langford and Smith Ballew, strolling on the set one day.

Rainbow Revels!

In addition to color schemes by Robert Edmond Jones, "Dancing Pirates" introduces Charles Collins—screen "discovery" of John Hay Whitney. The new dancing star is seen at top center, and, above, with Steffi Duna.

Since comedy belongs in every film—color or black and white—there's Frank Morgan present among the dancers and pirates in this new film, and you see above the three principals of the picture, Morgan, Steffi Duna, and Charles Collins, engaged in scene that appears to blend humor with romance.

Bold, dashing, and dancing pirates and lovely señoritas seem a perfect combination to bring color to the screen—particularly when there is added to the action the terpsichorean nip-ups being demonstrated above by Charles Collins, and right and left by Steffi Duna.

Bowing to popular demand, "Dancing Pirates" comes to the screen arrayed in the color film's brightest hues

Come, 'fess up, did you ever expect to see Ann Harding, the reserved, restrained lady in so many films that have won your applause, roughing it in woodsmen's outfit, and romping with mountain lions? Well, neither did we, but here's Ann giving us the personality contrast which makes for "color." We're all for you, Ann, in this new "rough and ready" mood.

Charm Calls For Color

Not only films, but stars too go in for "color"—such as the colorful human side the captivating Ann Harding reveals here

Making Faces

That's how stars earn their salaries. The best face-makers make the finest artists. Here's artful make-believe in action

Faces that make you happy, by opposite means. Jeanette MacDonald flashes a gorgeous smile as she sings a dazzling song in "San Francisco." But below, that new groom, Jack Oakie, sweeps clean with a good cry.

Warner Baxter gives us that baleful look in the interests of his art for his very dramatic rôle in "The Road to Glory." While Lionel Barrymore, across the page at right, makes a patriotic face for his part in the same picture.

But you "ain't seen nothing" till you watch Massa Al Jolson make those faces as he puts over his greatest song-hits in "The Singing Kid." Below, Al turns on some face-making.

Paula and Dorothy Stone love their dad, Fred Stone, but when he plays the piano they make faces like this, right.

Charles Bickford, left, puts on his hardboiled-face in "U. S. Smith." Nobody can pout as amusingly as Stuart Erwin, below; nor is there a child or adult star to beat Jane Withers, right, at looking down-right pesky.

Freckles make the face of Carl "Alfalfa" Switzer, above, one to make you laugh. Right, Edith Fellows shows a perfect peeve; and lower right, Joe E. Brown makes the kind of face that launches a million guffaws.

Austerity and "aw, g'wan" seen in the faces here. Left, C. Aubrey Smith, as Lord Capulet in "Romeo and Juliet." Right, good-natured Wallace Beery makes believe he's terribly tough.

Beauty Reigns Again!

Pretty faces return to rule the screen, and these lovelies prove it!

Is Hollywood anticipating demands of color, or commands of the public? Anyway, there's an abundance of pulchritude at the studios now. Proof? Look at Jane Hamilton, top left; Frances Farmer, above; Marsha Hunt, left; Jean Chatburn and Irene Bennett, below; Maxine Jennings, lower left; and Louise Small, extreme left—all newcomers.

Stage training gives way to beauty as a "must" in Hollywood's current search for new actresses. Fascinating evidence that Hollywood finds what it seeks are: Elizabeth Jenns, above; upper right, Frances Sage, and Bessie Patterson; at right, Chloe Douglas; below, Elizabeth Russell, and Louise Latimer; lower right, Olympe Bradna.

Ladies On Shore Leave

When screen beauties go down to the sea, style for beach wear follows closely after. Here are hints for swank at the shore

Madge Evans selects this sports outfit for play days at the beach. A suit featuring white slacks topped with a sweater sporting a blue yoke, and red diamond trimming to add striking color effect to an ensemble that combines chic with comfort.

Cecilia Parker, who is one of our most promising young actresses, is all ready for a dip in the ocean, clad in a new-style one-piece suit of navy blue topped with lighter shade of blue for stylish contrast. Happy splashings to you, Cecilia!

Sports outfit worn by Madge Evans, and swim suits worn by Cecilia Parker and Mary Carlisle, by B.V.D.

A flash of color, supplied by the bandana in contrasting hues, gives particular sparkle to the swim suit worn by Mary Carlisle, left. The suit is of a new knitted material, called "Skipper-Knit," and the suit comes with two bandanas.

Men At Work

But with thrills like this the boys don't find the job dull

Nice work—if you can get it, this screen acting. Ask Freddie March, above, doing a scene for "The Road to Glory." Or Bill Powell, right, compensated for a headache by an ice-pack for his brow, and Jean Arthur to console. By the way, will Jean receive Academy honors for her swell acting with Gary Cooper in "Mr. Deeds"? Below, Ralph Bellamy, reunited with Fay Wray in his new picture. Lower right, Chester Morris and Madge Evans in "Moonlight Murder." No wonder they like their jobs!

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Shirley Temple in "The Poor Little Rich Girl"

Follies Girl's Days and Nights

An ex-Follies beauty herself, Virginia Bruce knows her rôle in "The Great Ziegfeld" with Bill Powell.

Virginia Bruce knows—and tells!

By Charles Darnton

SHE knows! All the dazzle, glitter, whirl, gaiety and temptations of prodigal Broadway that Virginia Bruce flaunts as a showgirl who rises to renown and sinks to dissipation in "The Great Ziegfeld" have come within her own observation, for she herself was that fabulous creature, a Ziegfeld girl.

Her beauty, blonde and radiant, winged its way to the brief glory which has scorched countless fluttering moths of a night. But she, for one, flew free of the flame without being singed by its hot breath.

"Any girl can do it—if she has sense," is her wise judgment.

Sense is the birthright of Virginia Bruce. It went hand-in-hand with her beauty when she took that precious commodity to New York's most fastidious market. It brought her back safely to a screen career in Hollywood which now is headed for assured stardom. It rewarded her with the inheritance of a quarter of a million dollars as the last wife of John Gilbert.

All this you know. But do you know what it takes to be a Ziegfeld girl? Let her tell you: "It takes what men in the first ten rows will look at and like!"

Hard as their shirt-fronts, these men turn thumbs up or thumbs down. Girls who capitalize their charms—face, figure, and that unknown quantity called style—win or lose by that narrow margin of ten rows.

"What is mostly noticed," pointed out Miss Bruce, "is a beautiful figure. But mere lines and curves are not enough. There must also be grace and rhythm. If the figure betrays the slightest sign of awkwardness, nothing can save it."

Now this would seem to assume a (*Continued on page 80*)

The Great Ziegfeld—M-G-M

BIGGEST money's worth of movie of the month! It's the behemoth of all musical pictures, running three hours, stuffed with stars, crammed with color, brimming with beauties. There is a super-colossal musical number to end all such numbers, involving a mammoth revolving stage and winding stairs whirling with dancers, ringing with song and saturated with satin and lace and nostalgic "Follies" sentiment—a number to lift you to your feet cheering or drop you into a dazzled daze. "The Great Ziegfeld" combines spectacle and intimate drama, tracing the professional and private life of Broadway's late leading girl-showman, telescoping his colorful career from his start as manager of Sandow, the strong man, through his discovery of Anna Held, his presentation of the "Follies," his final triumphs and happy marriage to Billie Burke. William Powell plays Ziegfeld with finesse; Luise Rainer repeats her "Escapade" hit as Anna Held; Myrna Loy is a charmingly sympathetic Billie Burke; and Frank Morgan shines as "Ziggy's" friendly rival. Harriet Hoctor's ballet is enchanting. You won't want to miss this stupendous show.

Reviews of the best Pictures by Delight Evans

The Singing Kid—Warners

AL JOLSON'S new picture is the best Jolson to date, and has the least Jolson in it. Make of this what you will, but I take it as evidence that Al, along with Lloyd and Cantor, is putting good showmanship above personal close-ups, and the result is very okay. If for no other reason, "The Singing Kid" is worth seeing for one number called "I Love to Sing-a," in which Al and the effervescent Yacht Club Boys go to town in terrific style. You'll be a-singin' this song. The Jolson honors are handsomely shared with Sybil Jason, really appealing in this, and a new girl, Beverly Roberts, who owns and uses to excellent effect the most mellifluous speaking voice yet heard from the screen. The story concerns a Broadway star who loses his sweetheart, his bankroll, and his voice practically simultaneously, and goes truly rural for a rest—and all the rest, including "li'l Sybil" and Miss Beverly. Romance blooms, Al's voice returns, and there's a highly hilarious happy ending. Cab Calloway and his band for high color, Claire Dodd for beautiful menace, and Edward Everett Horton and Allen Jenkins for fun—and you have "The Singing Kid," Grade-A Jolson.

Things to Come—United Artists

A PICTURE to attract international attention, H. G. Wells' "Things to Come" is chiefly interesting as Exhibit A of a Great Author Writing Directly for the Screen. Mr. Wells apparently respects the screen as a medium of expression, but with all the good will in the world he remains a Great Author, expressing in literary rather than cinematic terms. The result is a talky, tedious, and, alas, too often pompous presentation of Wells' far-sighted and stimulating views of the future of mankind if it persists in settling its disputes by war. Agreeing heartily with Mr. Wells' arguments it is still difficult to regard "Things To Come" as good screen entertainment. There are exciting scenes of the world-to-be in 2055, of "Every Town" shining in its scientific perfection; there are Jules Verne-ish variations to amuse the imagination; and there are good performances by Raymond Massey and a sultry siren named Margaretta Scott. But if this is "Things To Come" we prefer things present, Hollywood touches and all. Now if Mr. Wells had only filmed his own fascinating "Autobiography"—*there's* a story possessing the very vitality which "Things To Come" lacks as screen material.

Top Performance by an Actress: LUISE RAINER in "The Great Ziegfeld"

Best Supporting Actors:

FRANK MORGAN in "The Great Ziegfeld" and LIONEL STANDER in "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town"

Two Important Newcomers:

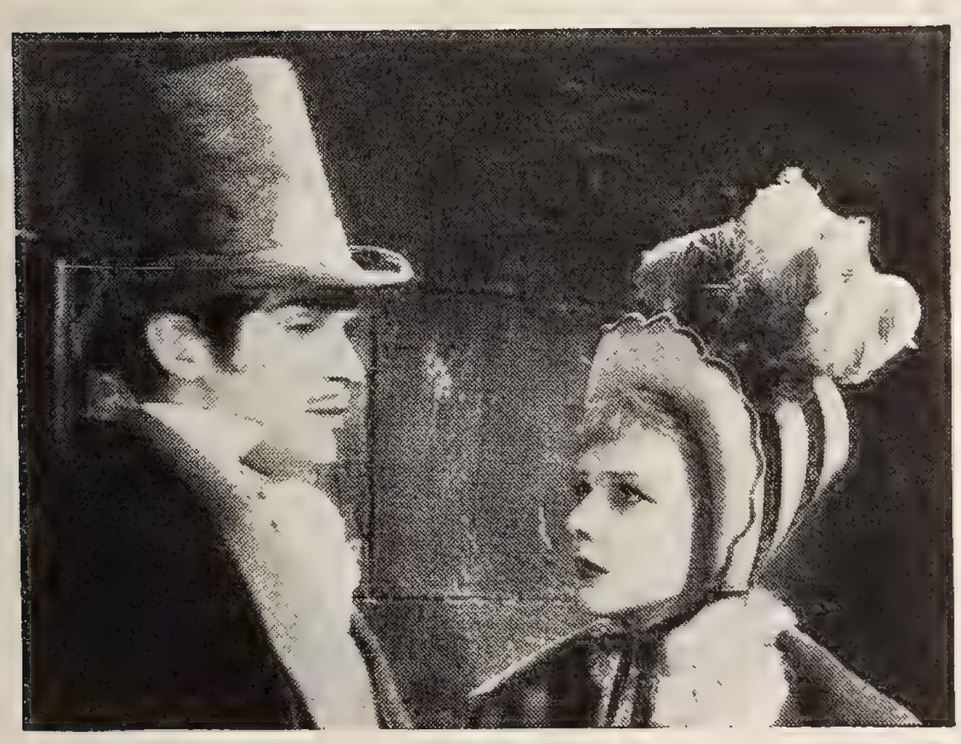
Exquisite JEAN CHATBURN in "The Great Ziegfeld." Original BEVERLY ROBERTS in "The Singing Kid"

Absolute "Musts" of the Month:

"Mr. Deeds Goes To Town"
"The Great Ziegfeld"
"Three Little Wolves"

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town—Columbia

THE most appealing picture ever made! Most human story, most distinguished direction, most inspired performance—it's the "Most" of the "Best" pictures, and you must not miss it. Like "It Happened One Night" it follows no formula, it breaks all the rules. Gary Cooper plays *Longfellow Deeds*, small-town boy who inherits $20,000,000 and doesn't know what to do with it—and until he finds out, you have a perfectly marvellous time chuckling over his problems; and when he *does* discover a solution, you'll be amazed and moved, too—for "Mr. Deeds" has pathos and purpose as well as spirited fun. In fact, you may even find this picture "significant" and I wouldn't blame you; but first, last, and always, it's magnificent motion picture entertainment. There are moments you'll remember, words you'll adopt, scenes to treasure and to talk about—you may even form a "Mr. Deeds Fan Club." Cooper was created to play *Mr. Deeds,* and that he proves worthy of the part is a tribute to his performance and personality; he's superb. Jean Arthur is brilliantly believable. Lionel Stander is so good he's—well, he's practically "pixilated," that's all.



The Amateur Gentleman—United Artists

PRETTY sporting of Young Fairbanks to call his first producing venture "The Amateur Gentleman"—so easy to quip and crack about "the amateur producer." I won't because I enjoyed some of it, being just an old sentimentalist who likes the actor-manager tradition and also Young Doug. I hope he's a success in his new career, and I believe his first effort is rather hopeful, showing shrewd showmanship in the "Scarlet Pimpernel" vein, good casting, and particularly a rousing good bout of fisticuffs, my hearties. All in the Fairbanks, and actor-manager tradition. Produced in England, with some charming scraps of country scenery, "The Amateur Gentleman" has that atmosphere of authenticity characteristic of British period pieces. It has a disarming youthfulness in its swashbuckling adventures that makes it a positive panacea for families with small movie-hungry boys. It's a colorful rôle Young Doug plays, masquerading as a mysterious gentleman of consequence to save his father; calling for elegance, assurance, and robust romance, and in all departments the star satisfies. Elissa Landi is a picturesque heroine.

I Married a Doctor—Warners

PAT O'BRIEN and Josephine Hutchinson play a return engagement of their popular act in this new picturization of Sinclair Lewis' "Main Street." Hollywood is nothing if not loyal: once it has a good story it sticks to it; and it believes you can't have too much of a good team. Pat and Miss Hutchinson are sympathetic team-mates, but this time, perhaps, they are not too well cast—Pat is not my idea of a conscientious country-doctor, and Miss Hutchinson is too much of an exquisite to be altogether convincing as *Carol Kennicott;* nevertheless, they carry on like the swell troupers they are, and Guy Kibbee and Ross Alexander, in support, do a lot to help. The struggles of the doctor's wife to make friends, to elevate the aesthetic standards of the small town, do not seem as important as they once did; in fact, dear old "Main Street" dates, my dears. But it's a nice family picture, and you could find far worse movie entertainment for your evening than this rejuvenation of a novel that, in its day, excited not only this but other lands. After all, *every* picture about a doctor can't produce the Dionne Quintuplets.

Ernest A. Bachrach

Ann's hair is no longer "Hollywood blonde," but its own natural brown, and very becoming, too! See the Sothern belle in that romantic "picture" gown above, of starched chiffon and lace in pale orchid. Upper left, dinner suit of black with slit skirt, topped by a jaunty black and white checked jacket. Left, below, new print of beach umbrellas and cabañas makes this silk suit so amusing.

SCREENLAND Glamor School

Edited by

Ann Sothern

Charm is chic again! See Ann Sothern's Spring style show for piquant proof that our overworked word "Glamor" has a new meaning

"The" three-piece street suit for Spring, worn by Ann Sothern at right, is Rodier jersey in two shades of blue: high-necked sweater, straight skirt, and short belted jacket with puffed sleeves. Ann's accessories are navy blue—note particularly the grand, pouchy handbag she is carrying. "The" cape suit of the season is pictured at upper right—grey wool, with crisp piqué bow. Ann's gloves, hat, and flowers are white; her shoes and handbag, blue. And now "the" dance frock, directly above: a so-feminine affair of flesh-pink net and Alençon lace, with double skirt effect, the full, diaphanous, lace-banded over-skirt of the net setting off the clinging silhouette of lace underneath. At the low neckline is clustered a group of pale pink roses. You can wear this sort of thing if you're slim, graceful, and carry yourself as Ann does.

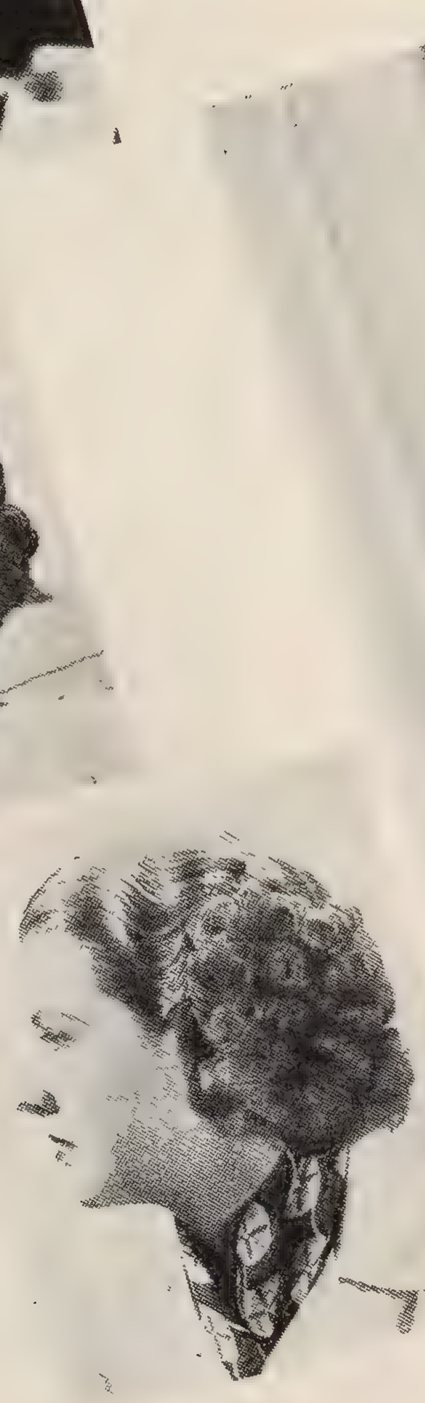
Glamor School photographs of Miss Ann Sothern posed exclusively for SCREENLAND *by John Miehle. Clothes by I. Magnin, selected by Bernard Newman, RKO-Radio Pictures fashion authority.*

Fresh Start

Picture girls perk up to please you and themselves and their Hollywood beaux! It's Spring, and time to take stock of your face, hair, skin, and "figger"—bring 'em all up to date and make the most of the newest aids to beauty. Above, left, Paulette Goddard, Charlie Chaplin's reel and real leading lady, is the spirit of Spring in her white jacket and enormous white hat. Take notes from Paulette's piquant costume—worth studying. Jean Harlow, above, has gone natural—her own blonde "brownette" hair softly waved and shining, her make-up smooth and fresh, her daytime favorite a soft sweater. Loretta Young, left, has a new coiffure and evening coat. See the soft curl atop Loretta's lovely head? And the flattering petal collar of her white evening coat?

for Spring!

Greet the new season with a fresh hair-do! You may want to copy Marguerite Churchill's new coiffure, above: crown of curls brushed off the face, part line at the ear. Marguerite eschews vivid liquid polish for natural hues—but Carol Hughes, pretty newcomer, prefers bright shades to match her costume, and paints her nails to their tips. And Carol, below, devotes as much time to her dainty pedal extremities as to her facial make-up, knowing that Summer demands smooth shapely "Dietrichs" and comfortable, well-shod feet. Three new coiffures that change their owners' personalities are shown at left: Karen Morley with her new cluster of curls, top; Frances Drake, so different with her curled-coronet coiffure; and Betty Furness, who combines side curls with a natural front wave.



London News-Reel

Follow these flashes of film activities in England's Hollywood

By Hettie Grimstead

London

OPENING scene set in an ancient Sussex castle, with walls of mellow stone and gracious diamond-paned windows and dim old family crests enshrined among the oaken panels. Richly-carved antique furniture and bowls of colorful rhododendron blooms gathered in the park; and standing beside a priceless suit of armor, the one and only Ned Sparks, his inimitable cigar at an angle expressing superb astonishment.

"Gee! Just take a look at this clock. It was made in 1680 and it's still going. And it hasn't even got any wheels! Would you believe it unless you saw it? Well, I'm real proud to have this clock in the film with me."

For it's one of the stages at the British and Dominion Studios where Paul Soskin is producing "Two's Company" in which Ned plays a go-ahead American business man competing with an English aristocrat for the hand of pretty Mary Brian. Ned can't tear himself away from the historical old pieces used to decorate the sets.

"Say! King Charles the First sat in this chair, I wish my little Betsy Ann could sit in it too. She'd be tickled to death."

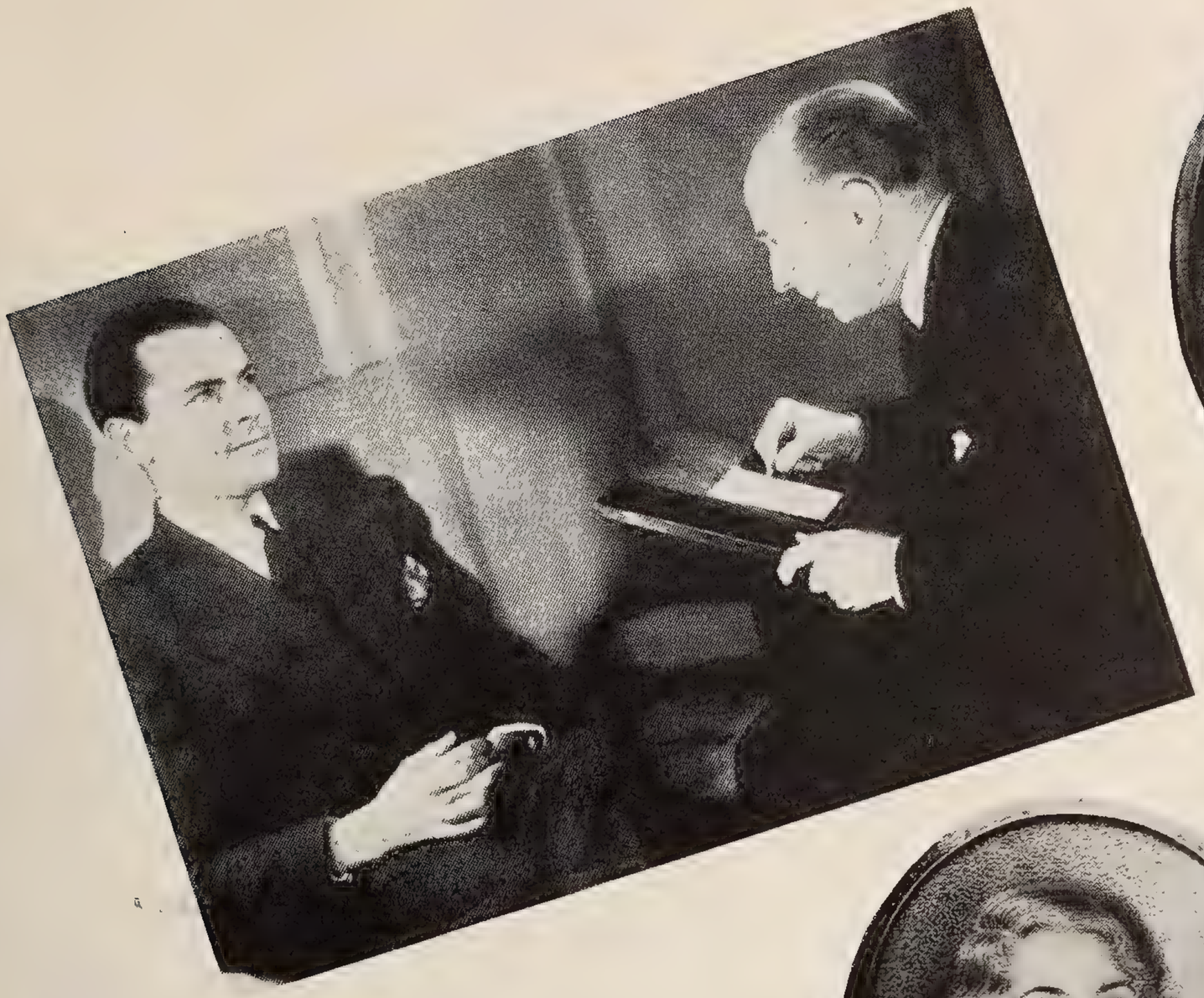
As everybody in the studio now knows, Betsy Ann is Ned's bull-terrier, and the precious apple of his eye. She had to be left at home in Hollywood owing to the quarantine laws, but Ned has brought numerous photographs of her and an exquisite miniature painted on ivory and framed in gold. Every week he receives a diary-letter from his chauffeur who is tending Betsy Ann in which her daily doings are set out in detail.

"She must be missing me," he says. "I always take her for a drive in the mountains Sundays and I put her to bed myself—yes, madam. She has a proper bed with sheets and a satin quilt like a human being. She's no ordinary dog, I'll have you understand."

As he takes out the picture of Betsy Ann that is always in his pocket and gazes at it affectionately, fade slowly out, with strains of music soft and gentle. Fade in a long shot of a great luxury hotel in Park Lane, then wheel the cameras ready for close-ups of all the famous Hollywood stars who are living there while making pictures in England.

First Edmund Lowe, bright and breezy, wondering why he has to ask for "grilled bacon" in order to get his fried ham for breakfast. Edmund is playing for Gaumont-British in a detective thriller called "The Wreckers," his part that of an enquiry agent on holiday in Europe who becomes involved in a curious series of (*Continued on page 97*)

Mary Brian and Ned Sparks, at top of page, borrowed from Hollywood for "Two's Company," with Paul Soskin, British producer. Then Peter Lorre getting his hair curled for his rôle of a killer in "Secret Agent." Next, Cary Grant and Mary Brian in a scene from "The Amazing Quest." Finally, Helen Vinson, Director Al Werker, and Clive Brook, making "Love in Exile," based on the Gene Markey novel, "His Majesty's Pyjamas."



Stiles Dickenson, who gives you amusing sidelights on cinema celebrities as they cavort in Paris, while he paints charming miniatures of them, is seen at top, left, painting John Lodge. The three miniatures which we have reproduced are of Elissa Landi, top, Charles Boyer, above, and Grace Moore, left.

Paris Playground

Painting the stars as they shine at work and play in the City on the Seine

By Stiles Dickenson

Paris

THE first time I painted Constance Bennett she was a wee baby, asleep in her crib. That's picking the stars young! Each time I see Constance in Paris she always asks me when I am going to do her again. It will be a great pleasure to do her any time.

It seems to me that when the stars are in Paris they are much more art-conscious than in their native Hollywood. I've painted them in London, New York, Chicago, and Hollywood, but they seem much more in the atmosphere here. This Paris does get one!

Grace Moore makes a thrilling subject. I first painted her when she was studying her opera rôles—before her début. She was living in Mary Garden's apartment in Monte Carlo and coaching with Mary's teacher. The influence of her distinguished predecessor seemed to inspire Grace. I used to make the sittings as numerous as possible for I'd linger around and hear Grace at her music lesson. What a joy to sit back in an easy chair with drinks by my side and hear that glorious voice roll out. Oh yes, many delightful lunches were included in the so-called sittings. What more could an artist ask for on this earth? Lovely model, delicious lunch, and a concert all thrown in.

In Paris I attended Grace's début at the Opera-Comique. At that time she was working out the rôles that have since been rounded into perfection. Came the Hollywood experiences, and last summer the prima donna returned to Paris with that much abused word glamor exuding from every pore. "One Night of Love" seemed to have turned the trick. The miniature I had painted in Monte Carlo seemed a pale, washed-out effort. Out came the paint-box and with the brightest colors I flicked in a dazzling portrait. Just as though the stage had been set by a Hollywood director, Grace's surroundings were perfect. At the hotel where she stopped, an Indian Maharajah was in residence accompanied by wives, relatives, and a suite that filled over two floors of the hotel. No musical comedy could equal the picturesque beauty of those be-turbaned and be-jeweled attendants of the Maharajah. They filled the corridors and salons and every time Grace would appear I expected to hear a hidden orchestra strike up a tune and see them join hands and break into a song and dance number. They were all greatly interested in Grace, for she is a huge favorite in India. I had several conferences with the Maharajah and his suite about painting some miniatures and they would be full of questions about the prima donna. (*Continued on page 94*)

ANNE Ascends

The little Shirley girl is soaring to stardom

By Phyllis Fraser

Read about Anne Shirley's amusing "experiments" which finally led her to movie fame! Above, left, Anne with "Angel Cake," her Scottie. Directly above, Anne rehearses her script with her mother.

ANNE SHIRLEY was giggling like a school-girl of seventeen (which she is) when I sat down to lunch with her in the RKO commissary.

"What's so funny?" I asked.

"Did you see that person I was talking to just as you came up? Well, he said, 'I thought you had today off, Anne?' I told him I was here to talk about myself. He said, 'That sounds just like you.' I said I was insulted, and he hastily replied, 'Oh, I mean it sounds like "Anne of Green Gables."' "

"What's the joke?" queried I.

"There isn't any, but ten people have been by this table while I waited for you and they have all asked me the same question and I've given them all the same answer, then they always responded in the same way—it's an experiment that I'm making!"

Then I understood. Anne has been making "experiments" since she was four years old. Her first came with her new tricycle. Mrs. Shirley looked out of the window one day to see if her daughter was all right, and what to her shock and amazement should she see but Anne taking a running leap from the front porch onto the tricycle three steps below on the sidewalk, landing on her head. She rushed out and Anne explained in her own inimitable way that she was just trying it to see if it could be done.

Her next "Great Experiment" came some years later. Anne kept coming into the house with unexplainable skinned knees and elbows. Finally a neighborhood girl quite innocently told Mrs. Shirley that her daughter was the best *Robin Hood* she'd ever seen—"Why, only yesterday she jumped from the roof of the garage onto a tree two feet away!" she marveled. When Anne was called in for questioning she explained all the other kids had tried it and she had an idea that she could do it, too—and she was right.

When Anne was fourteen her favorite boy friend had a crush on another girl. Anne studied the girl and decided that the thing the boy must like about her was her plucked eyebrows. So Anne came home and secretly plucked away on hers, but being slightly inexperienced couldn't get them even, and consequently kept plucking until she had no eyebrows at all. It was indeed a tragedy, but then, as always, she had an answer. She told everyone she plucked them in the hope that they would grow in thicker, and besides she was anxious to know what she would look like in case for some reason or another she would have to have them plucked out for good.

The most important experiment that Anne has made to date was her rôle in "Anne of Green Gables." Anne and her mother have always had a code between themselves, an unbreakable one, that they kept even in lean years, that if Anne was offered a rôle and they decided that she wasn't suited for it they would refuse it, so that a girl who was "right" for the part might have it. When RKO offered Anne the title rôle in "Anne of Green Gables" she and her mother sat down and read the script, and looked at each other in fright, both afraid to speak their minds. Here was an offer to do a star rôle, an opportunity of a lifetime, but down in their hearts they felt that Anne (*Continued on page 77*)

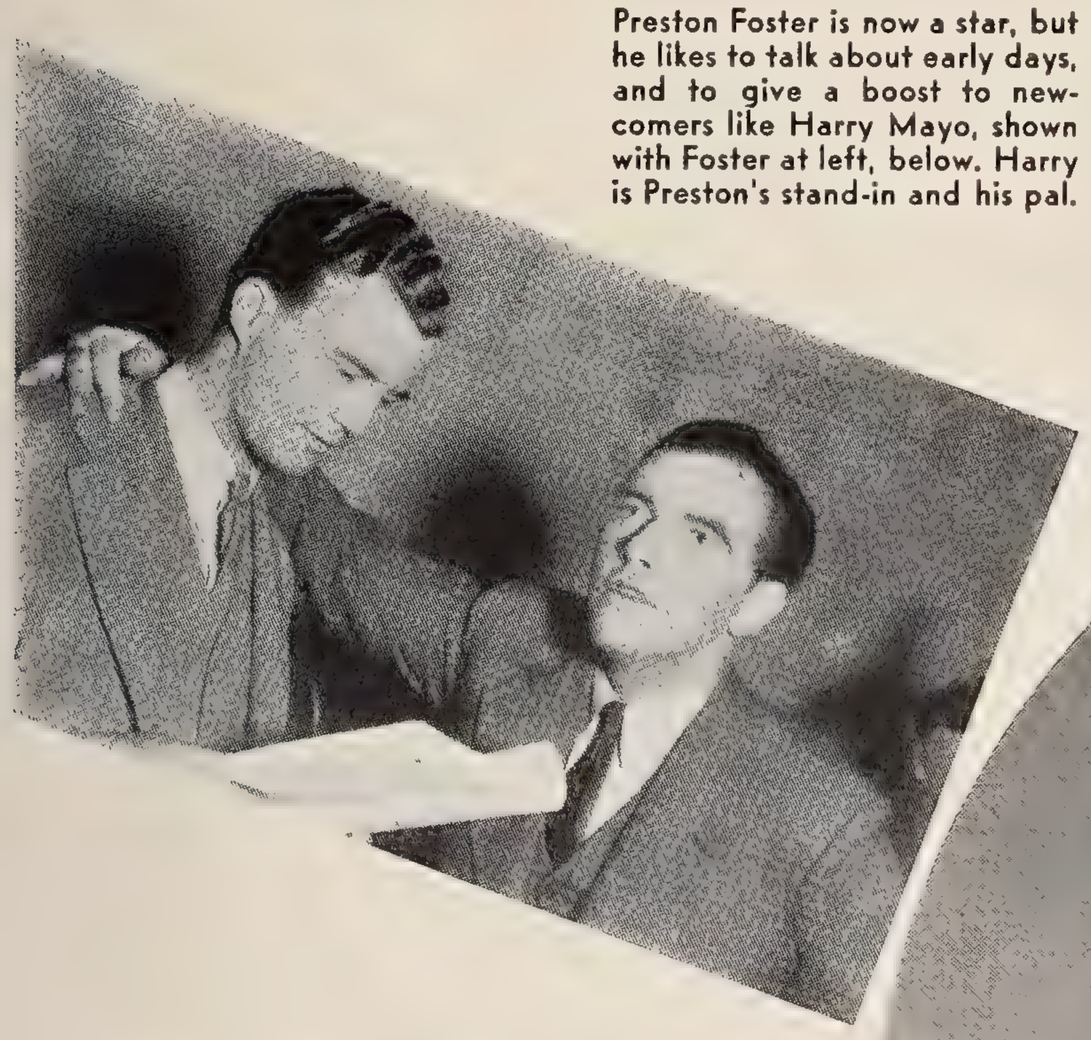
FOSTER Can't Forget

Here's one star who remembers his struggles and gives credit to those who helped him succeed

By Paul Russell

JUST how do you get to be a movie star? The actual story always begins away back, somewhere. There were persons who held out helping hands. Without their assistance the road would never have led to glory.

There is more required than ability and hard work and the obvious Hollywood build-up. But very seldom do you hear of those people in the background. Once set with fame and wealth, whirled into the glamorous crowd, the crises of the humble yesterdays fade from the average celebrity's mind. Or the memory is deliberately sacrificed to present, influential "names." The folks who should be credited for aiding in the escape from the monotonous grind of everyday living are all too often forgotten.



Preston Foster is now a star, but he likes to talk about early days, and to give a boost to newcomers like Harry Mayo, shown with Foster at left, below. Harry is Preston's stand-in and his pal.

In Hollywood, if all the extraordinary virtues aren't blandly adopted, it's thought clever to flatter the local powers-that-be. But Preston Foster is the most notable exception I know. He doesn't forget!

Not even now, when he is topping four years of character leads with a surprising switch to romantic parts and so is really important at last. Incidentally, it was Carole Lombard who first realized his potentialities as an ideal film lover. She said it was a shame for him to keep on submerging his husky attractiveness, and insisted on him for a debonair rôle opposite her. Since then he's suddenly been in demand for the more exciting love dramas.

Pres hasn't been affected by all this hurrahing over the Gable in him. "I always wanted to be an actor, but I never would have climbed at all if it hadn't been for the kindness of certain people." He had been enjoying his only vacation in a year, down at Balboa Bay, but when he learned that I wanted to interview him he promptly came into town.

He was propped against the wall, in an old chair. The democratic calls from various members of the publicity department there in the big, general office at RKO-Radio ceased as they saw that we were in a serious mood.

Pres is enormously popular in person. His friendly attitude towards everyone accounts for this. Invariably he greets you with a merry quip and his gusto is contagious. Yet he can quickly turn from gay bantering, and he proved it again by what he proceeded to tell me.

"I was pretty much the village ne'er-do-well. At least, that's how I was usually cataloged because I was habitually losing jobs. I worked at nearly a little bit of everything before I caught the faintest glimmer of my dream becoming a possibility."

He was born in Ocean City, (*Continued on page 78*)

Seen at Palm Springs! Patricia Ellis reveals trim sports shorts, and two good reasons why her bike wheels go 'round and 'round so smoothly.

International

"It's a romance," says Hollywood, because Cary Grant and Mary Brian always look happy, like this, when they're seen together—which is often

Brief and breezy news reports about the stars

By Weston East

From England! Patrick Knowles arrives in New York with his wife, en route to Hollywood to appear in "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

THIS is how Robert Taylor received the news that Irene Hervey is going to marry Allan Jones. Bob came into the M-G-M commissary to get a cup of coffee, before going on the set. Irene was sitting at the counter and Bob walked over and sat down next to her. The night before Allan Jones had returned from New York and surprised Irene with an engagement ring. She showed the diamond to Bob and broke the news right then and there. If Bob had any misgivings, he managed to give a very convincing demonstration of wishing Irene every happiness. There are those who still insist that Irene and Bob would be the engaged couple, if it weren't for certain domestic problems in Bob's life. Irene has been married before and has a little girl. Jones has also been married and has a little boy. He made his final divorce arrangements while in New York.

ASK any of the Hollywood tradesmen who their favorite movie star is and they'll tell you, Alice Faye. Not only does Alice answer the door herself, but she thanks the boys graciously and usually offers them cigarettes.

CLARK GABLE'S little tiff with Director Van Dyke was short and sweet—and Clark came away smiling. Ever since his serious illness, Clark has it understood that he will not work after six o'clock. "Van," who has a way of getting around the stars, insisted that Clark remain and work that evening. Clark refused in a very nice way. But Van instructed his assistant to tell Clark to remain. At six o'clock Clark walked off the set. The next morning Clark was asked to come to Mr. Mayer's office. Director Van claimed that he had been humiliated in front of the "San Francisco" company. Clark claimed he was being shoved around like a school boy. While everyone fumed and fretted, Clark sat back and smiled. Very casually he remarked that if they didn't want him on the set, just to say the word and he knew a nice place where they had good hunting. Before many more moments the cameras were grinding and Clark was before them acting. Yes, he left at six that night.

THERE'S a little rumor afloat that Anita Louise has suddenly taken the moulding of her own life into her own hands. The constant companionship of Anita's mother has long since become Hollywood tradition. Now they say that Anita and Ross Alexander have become fast friends. Anita feels that she wants to live her own life and without disrespect to her mother, think a little more for herself.

All interested in Color! John Hay Whitney, center, head of the company that specializes in color pictures, and John Speaks, left, associate producer, seen talking with Steffi Duna, star of their latest film, at their Hollywood studio.

Our peeping camera catches Lew Ayres getting dialogue-perfect for a scene opposite Florence Rice in a new film.

LUISE RAINER'S make-up for her rôle in "Good Earth" is something to rave about. Believe it or not, she has little to do but change the slant of her eyes and the effect is astounding. Of course she's had to rearrange the style of her hair, as Luise sports that "egg-beater" effect. Of all the actresses in Hollywood, there is more talk of the potential qualities of the little Rainer than any other newcomer on the screen.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, reluctantly taking her first marital vacation, decided to go to New York. On the way to the station, Dr. Pressman, (Claudette's new hubby), smashed his hand in the door of the car. The train pulled out and Claudette tearfully waved goodbye. By the time she reached Pasadena, she was beside herself with misgiving and worry. In the meantime Dr. Pressman stopped to have his hand dressed and then headed for Beverly Hills. As he turned the latch in his door, who should greet him but wifey Claudette. Just in case you've forgotten, the name of her last picture was, "The Bride Comes Home." P. S.: Claudette got to Manhattan later.

CONTRARY to publicity, Jean Harlow is *not* brownette. In "Riff-Raff" and "Wife versus Secretary" Jean wears a beautiful wig. Her own hair underneath is slowly growing out to its natural color. When it gets the right length, the wig will automatically be discarded and then brownette will come into its own. According to a certain Hollywood beauty operator, the strong bleaches used to make Jean a platinum blonde were beginning to disturb her system.

YOU'D be surprised how many of your favorite stars are going in for wigs. Because of the daily water waves, necessary when they are working, the stars have to get up an hour earlier and sit under a hot drier. Not only is this bad for the hair, but milady could be having that extra time for rest. Jeanette MacDonald went right from the "San Francisco" set to the Trocadero. Even if she had wanted to have her hair done, there wouldn't have been the time. And even Jeanette's dancing partners couldn't tell she was wearing a wig.

DOROTHY PETERSEN, who received world-wide publicity on her assignment to play nurse to the Dionne Quintuplets, hasn't worked a single day since she finished in "The Country Doctor." Sometimes it's so hard to remember in Hollywood—and easy to forget.

Betty Blythe and Fritz Leiber, co-stars years ago in "The Queen of Sheba," meet again at a studio party.

William Powell plunges into mystery again, and aiding him are three other film favorites: Lila Lee, Jean Arthur, and Eric Blore. We see the four principals huddling in a studio corner, cooking up ways to keep us in suspense.

Joe E. Brown and Joan Blondell in a tender scene for "Sons O' Guns." Who says a comedian can't be romantic?

JOAN CRAWFORD'S surprise birthday party for Franchot Tone was quite a success. While Franchot dressed upstairs, Joan told him she would try out some new records. Instead, she instructed a three-piece stringed trio to start playing. In the meantime the guests quietly arrived. Franchot walked in and everyone burst into "Happy Birthday to You." Joan gave Franchot an oblong platinum cigarette case, monogrammed in sapphires. The guests were the Charles Boyers, Jean Dixon, Ted Ely, the George Murphys, William Haines, the Norman Fosters, (Sally looking too beautiful), Clark Gable, and Jerry Asher. And to those of you who go in for fancy desserts, how do you like this? Each person was served a nest of the finest spun-sugar. Inside was an assortment of fruit, moulded in ice cream.

BOB MONTGOMERY and Jimmy Cagney were driving down Melrose Avenue in that sporty new imported car of Bob's. Suddenly they came to the corner of Melrose and Gower Streets. There, towering over their heads, stood RKO's magnificent new sound stage.

"There's the stage Fred Astaire built for RKO," cracked Bob, as the traffic started moving again.

OH, the things they say and things they do in the movies! Out on the M-G-M lot some very important guests were being shown the courtesy of the studio. Their one desire was to watch Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard as "Romeo and Juliet." If they had requested to have tea with Garbo, the studio couldn't have been more upset. But, as luck would have it, the company stopped working early, so the visitors were allowed to go on the stage. After having had their breaths taken away by the magnificent reality of the sets, they came upon the famous tombs. In the center stood *Juliet's* final resting place, tragically real. Slowly the visitors advanced toward the tomb, where Norma Shearer would lie in artistic mortality. There on top, out of range of the camera—was spread a sumptuous mattress.

FOR the Hollywood premiere of "The Old Maid," every important star attended. During intermission they gathered in the lobby and a great many of them expressed themselves as being disappointed in the supporting cast of Judith Anderson and Helen Menken. I happened to be standing near Jimmy Cagney and overheard someone ask him what he thought of the play. "At 'The Drunkard' they serve beer and pretzels," was Jimmy's only comment, as he went back to his seat.

AT A HOLLYWOOD cocktail party Madge Evans sat and talked to Rosalind Russell. For the occasion Rosalind was wearing a startling plaid blouse and circular black satin skirt. It was a dress that was distinctive and not easy to forget. Later on Madge went to the Trocadero. There, with her back turned stood Rosalind, still wearing the same outfit. Madge was just on the point of sneaking up behind Rosalind and tickling her in the ribs, when the lady in plaid turned around. It was Mrs. Bill Robinson.

WHEN comedian Jack Benney and his wife, Mary Livingstone, stepped off the train in Hollywood, they were met by Mary's brother. Imagine Jack's surprise when the young man escorted him to a waiting Rolls Royce and chauffeur. Upon inquiry Jack learned that Mary's brother and eleven of his pals had chipped in and bought Herbert Marshall's old car for practically peanuts. When Jack asked who paid the driver, his brother-in-law replied, "Oh, we're doing him a favor to let him drive a Rolls—he's crazy about cars."

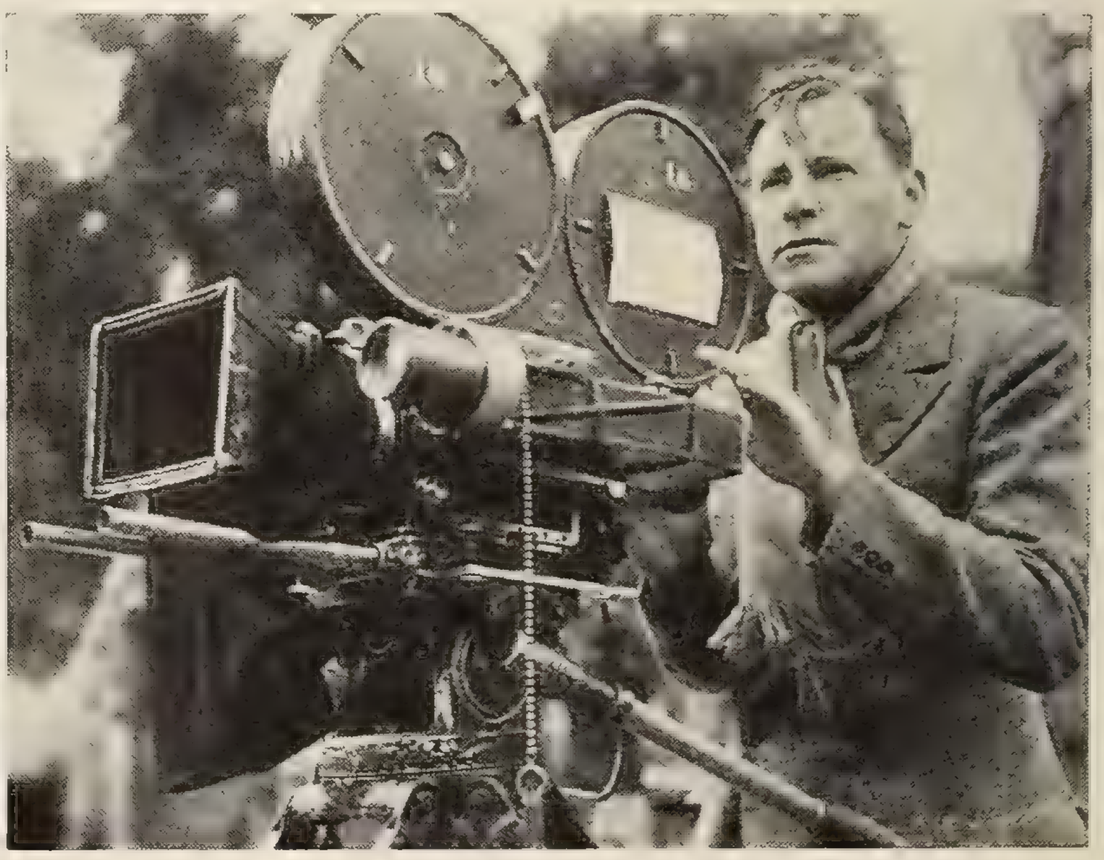
MIKE "PAPA" LEVEE, genial manager of such stars as Bette Davis, Dick Powell, Joan Crawford, Paul Muni, Leslie Howard, and many others, recently moved into new quarters. Besides a kennel for his clients' dogs, a sun parlor, bar, and badminton court, Mike's new establishment features an aquarium. Bette Davis conceived the idea of each star sending Mike a fish, that was representative of the star's personality. Joan Crawford managed to find a fish with great blue eyes. Bette found one with black rings around the eyes and blamed it on her "Of Human Bondage" characterization. Paul Muni topped them all by sending a Chinese bullfinch and named it after himself in "Good Earth."

THE "Class B" girls are in mourning over at Paramount. And if you've never been a "Class B" girl, you'll never know how they can mourn. It seems there are a certain number of inexpensive pictures made every year, that are listed as "B" pictures. They are made within a limited time and feature contract players. To keep expenses down, the girls must wear used clothes out of the wardrobe. Naturally the selection is quite limited. When Dietrich makes a picture, they design several new dresses for every sequence, before she makes a final choice. The dresses not selected go into the wardrobe and the "Class B" girls get them. Now Dietrich is going away and the "B's" have the blues.

BARBARA STANWYCK attended a cocktail party at the home of a friend. It's so seldom that she is seen around, few recognize her. At this particular party, a foreign-looking gentleman never took his own eyes from Barbara's face. Finally she began to feel uncomfortable and wondered if she had ever met the man before. Coming up to Barbara, he said, "I have been admiring your profile all evening. Did you every try to get in pictures?" "I'd like to," answered Barbara, "but they tell me it's so hard to do." "Well," came back the answer, "there are a lot of picture people here tonight. Maybe someone will discover you."

THE honeymoon may be over, but the memory lingers on. The most beautiful baskets of pale yellow tulips arrive at Sylvia Sidney's house and they come via a special wire order from New York. The name on the Card? Bennett Cerf. (Sylvia's Ex-).

Rudy Vallee with Harriet Hilliard, left, June Walker, right; Doug. Fairbanks, Jr., Ozzie Nelson, and Frank Fay, standing, left to right, Rudy's guest stars on the radio, read over a script.



Herbert Marshall seemed as much at home behind the camera as he is in front of it, when we caught this picture above of the star on location for his rôle opposite Gertrude Michael.

TEMPUS FUGIT: the music goes 'round and 'round and movie stars forget. Grace Moore recently made a public statement that she was through with pictures, because "Hollywood treated her like a machine." Wonder if Grace remembers when she made "New Moon" for M-G-M? She held up production for hours, because she refused to wear Russian boots, unless they were specially-made with soft bedroom-slipper soles. Ah, there, Gracie!

IN this case, he who laughs last—is designing Hepburn's clothes for "Mary of Scotland." For seven years Walter Plunkett was head of the RKO wardrobe department. During that time he did all the clothes for Irene Dunne, Ann Harding, Ginger Rogers and the Hepburn things in "Little Women." Then, as so often happens in Hollywood, someone thought up the brilliant idea of bringing out Bernard Newman, famous Eastern designer. While Newman's things are in a class all their own, after one picture they did not appeal to Hepburn. In the meantime Plunkett had resigned. In New York he made wonderful connections and was just getting settled when a wire came from Hepburn, asking him to come back. Plunkett had no desire to go and boosted his salary. The studio met his demands because they wanted Hepburn happy. So Plunkett is in Hollywood on his own terms, Hepburn is happy and "Mary of Scotland" is shooting merrily on its way. Yes, Plunkett is returning to his job in the east, the minute the picture is finished.

SIGNOR OTTO MORANDO, (who is preparing Joan and Tone for opera), has a new job on his hands. Lupe Velez arrived at his studio one morning, with Johnny Weissmuller in tow. "I want Jawnnee to seeng," said Lupe. And when Lupe says sing, Johnny warbles. Funny part of the story is, it develops that Johnny really has an unusually pleasing range.

BETTY, (Hattie), Furness moved into a new house and mother nature gave her a real housewarming. The first night, Betty heard strange sounds coming from the general direction of the basement. The next morning she investigated and discovered a brand new litter of cats. They were so cute Betty couldn't part with them. Just to be different, she's named them "Pickle-Puss," "Drizzle-puss," "Sour-Puss," "Weazel-Puss," and if you pa-leeze, "Puss-Over."

JUST what was in back of a little scene between Francis Lederer and Ida Lupino, I wouldn't be knowing. But Ida succeeded in embarrassing Francis to the point where words completely failed him. In a scene for "One Rainy Afternoon," Francis, skating with Ida, was supposed to slip and fall flat on the ice. They rehearsed it several times and Francis proved that he could take it. When it came to the first actual "shot," his elbow accidentally came up and hit Ida in the face. Francis was all over the place with apologies. Then, without warning, Ida suddenly turned and in front of the whole company, accused Francis of hitting her on purpose. No wonder Francis Lederer is bewildered by Hollywood!

BY THE time this is printed, Hollywood will have heard about Grace Bradley. With the new executives at Paramount doing a thorough job of housecleaning, Grace was one of many to be let out. (Katherine DeMille is another). C. B. DeMille, who has several big pictures up his artistic sleeve, has had his eye on Grace for some time. Now he has her signed to a personal contract and Grace is assured that her troubles are over. Incidentally, it develops that the leading man from Jean Muir's play, who got a contract with Warners, turns out to be Grace's boy-friend, Frank Prince.

ONCE upon a time the Fox studios signed an actor, who was destined to be the Clark Gable of their lot. Not only did he slightly resemble what-a-man Gable, but he played the same sort of rôle. The Metro Lion roared amusedly but refused to be upset. The actor, named Weldon Heyburn, had a brief career, married Greta Nissen, was divorced by Greta and dropped out of the picture. There were rumors of a romance with Pola Negri, but it never came to light. Now, Weldon is once more on the Hollywood scene. This time he has been signed by M-G-M. What of Clark Gable? He's busy hunting lions that can roar without a sound track, between pictures.

IF you saw "Follow the Fleet," you will remember Fred Astaire playing a miniature piccolo. An adoring mother sent him a letter asking where Fred had purchased his, because she wanted to buy a good one for her little son. Fred purchased it as a gag, when he was on a shopping spree in the Beverly Hills five-and-ten.

The dashing new team of Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray on the alert for the director's call to action.

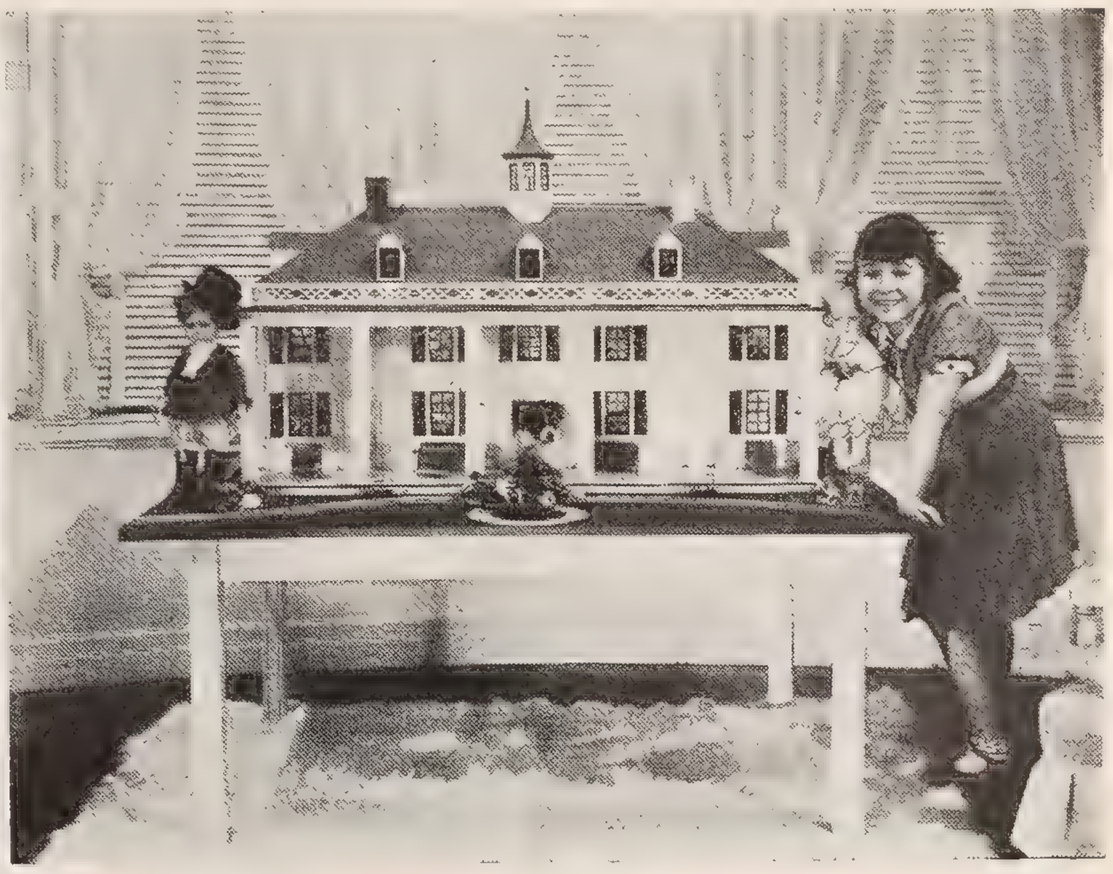
THE forecourt of the Chinese Theatre in Hollywood continues to excite the visiting firemen. Recently the imprints of Joe E. Brown's mouth and Al Jolson's knees were immortalized in the soft cement. Wonder when they are going to do something about Mae West?

UNA MERKEL, who has appeared in hundreds of pictures, took a trip to New York. The first person she saw was Eleanor Powell, who has appeared in one picture, in which she worked with Una. "I talked to the studio," said Eleanor, "and I have asked for you in my next picture." This is all very sweet because the girls are good friends and Una did appreciate it. It also goes to prove, that you never know who is going to be famous and influential tomorrow and it pays to be nice to everyone in pictures.

THE Hartford, Conn., Hepburns, it seems, have another member of the family bidding for fame in the theatre. Richard Hepburn, Katharine's brother, has authored a play, described as "an economic satire," which is to be produced by Jasper Deeter at the famous Hedgerow Theatre at Moylan-Rose Valley, Pa., this month.

(*Continued on page* 97)

Wallace Beery and his hunting dogs get ready to start a trip by auto and plane from Wally's Beverly Hills home to his favorite hunting place in the Wyoming Sierras.



Jane Withers has a new house, too. It's a perfect model of Colonial architecture, awarded the screen's "bad" girl, for being so very "good" in her newest film rôle.

Foot-Notes for Beauty

With Summer days ahead, your feet will soon be taking their place in the sun!

By Elin Neil

Rochelle Hudson is justly proud of the perfectly groomed and well-managed feet that never let her down.

TIPS of Hollywood toes that twinkle brightly beneath beach sandals or open-toed evening slippers come in for their share of beauty care. One of the prettiest pairs of feet, on and off the Hollywood sets, belongs to Rochelle Hudson. She has studied dancing and that, of course, is one of the best ways to make a girl realize that her feet can be beauty assets and should be treated accordingly.

Personally, I'm convinced that the vogue for bright polish on toenails is one of the best things that ever happened to us from a beauty point of view. It makes us "foot-conscious" so we'll pay some attention to the parts of us that have been beauty's step-children far too long!

Shorter skirts and the gaily colored stockings that have leaped into the fashion picture along with bright gloves, also center attention on feet and legs. Besides the glowing copper tints, we'll be wearing shades of blue hosiery from navy to turquoise, olive green, wine, golden yellow, leaf-tendril green and even delicate orchid, provided we're the type to go in for high fashion colors.

Much demand for pastel stockings to go with evening slippers is reported by one of the leading hosiery manufacturers. The general rule for pastel evening stockings is to harmonize them with the frock. For the new "dream dresses" in two shades of filmy chiffon, stockings should be the pastel tint that most closely matches the paler of the two shades.

The key-note for less formal wear is contrast, in fabric as well as color. Tailored costumes are softened with dainty mesh stockings. Shiny materials call for dull crepe hose, and thick, nubbly fabrics for sheerest of the sheer.

Naturally, shoes have a great deal to do with foot beauty. We're lucky to be living in a time when shoe manufacturers are doing everything they can to make shoes comfortable and beneficial to the feet, as well as smart. We can even descend from "stilts" to "flats" in evening slippers and conform to fashion! Only don't change from high heels to extremely low in one fell swoop. That's bad for the arches. Make the change gradually, with built-up heels of from one to two inches in height intervening.

The rounder toes that are fashionable now are a blessing, too, as very narrow, pointed toes are to blame for so much foot trouble. Strange to say, (*Continued on page 76*)

Why They Can't Lick Stanwyck

Continued from page 29

Barbara's innate sincerity and simplicity.

"Nearly everyone inquires if I don't miss my lovely house. Honestly, I don't. For that's just what it was—and no more. I never wanted a display. I wanted a home!"

Which is what she is making for herself today. The exterior of her new place is English, but indoors it's cozily modern. It's lived-in air warms you.

"This living-room's the scene of mad evenings of Monopoly," she explained. "When a few friends are here we play it on the floor. It is a relative to parchesi. You have $5,000 in make-believe money at the beginning and you buy and sell all the equipment of a miniature village. I've a passion for railroads and generally spend so much on them I wind up the loser. But ah, such screaming and tearing of hair!

"Or about seven there's liable to be a phone call, as we're sitting down to dinner. There's a preview! Then such stuffing of stomachs, such hectic hurrying. My brother and I dash for the car and you'd presume if we didn't catch the picture that night we never could see it."

Pretty slick of Gloria Stuart to turn an old fad to strictly modern use, by making herself a smartly stylish hostess gown of silk patchwork quilting!

It's difficult to describe the glow that either exists or doesn't exist in a house. Perhaps you'll understand if I say that while we talked there in the living-room, with its pretty velours and Venetian blinds and grand piano, you couldn't help hearing an industrious vacuum cleaner and a merry baby upstairs.

"But Dion's no baby anymore!" Barbara reached vigorously for a cup of coffee on a handy stand, and looked as matronly as one can in mauve slacks and a matching gaucho shirt. "He's four."

"Are you sending him to kindergarten yet?"

"No," she responded. "I don't intend to for another year. I went over to several kindergartens and, believe it or not, children are apt to be a little hard-boiled at that age! Dion might be influenced. But if I keep him at home, by the time he's five the knowledge of right and wrong should be instilled for good in him. He recognizes all the letters in the alphabet, anyway. He picks them out in the newspapers. He writes numerals up to ten. And whenever we're out riding he identifies the names of all the automobiles we pass!"

The affection Barbara never had herself is thus lavished on the child she adopted. But she'll not be silly about him when he's older.

"I'll let him be whatever he wants, and I don't wish to spoil him. I'll attempt to give him a notion of what the world's like, but I certainly hope he'll not have too many bumps. They leave a mark!"

That's the closest I've ever known Barbara Stanwyck to come to mentioning her own struggle for happiness. She had a miserable childhood, being left to shift for herself. There were no protecting parents. There was no home. She was often hungry and cold. And at thirteen, completely self-supporting, she was one valiant, insignificant individual among New York City's millions. It was a plain battle for room and board until she learned she could dance. Then her rise was fairly rapid.

First she had to land a job in a chorus It's been her sincerity that's been the secret of her attraction, not fatal beauty or a flair for decorative clothes. And sincerity's about the least appreciated attribute for a chorus. Nobody gave a hoot whether she sank or swam. But Barbara swam. She'd worked too hard for mere bread and butter to be indifferent to the smallest opportunity. She "plugged" up the ladder of Broadway, to eventual acclaim in dramatic rôles.

"Gosh," declares Barbara, when you endeavor to draw her out regarding the hard row she's had to hoe, "Why should I feel sorry for myself? There are plenty of folks who've had worse luck and are still having it. If you're ever blue, just go to a hospital and walk around the wards. I've two perfectly capable arms, two legs. I've my sight!"

It required the exceptional snoopiness of an ace reporter to uncover the fact that several years ago Barbara injured her back so severely that she was in constant pain until lately. She never mentioned the accident on that movie set, herself. Never proffered a very real excuse for not doing a lot of things.

Actually, Barbara is notably matter-of-fact. She doesn't dramatize her own self at all. I fancy she's been too preoccupied conquering predicaments to indulge in the luxury.

The flow of printed words about her loyalty to Frank Fay was entirely against her will. She was quoted only when they badgered her into a defense of her belief in him. To her any wife worth two cents is devoted. A marriage is for better or worse, isn't it?

She hasn't given a single interview on why the most important thing in her life failed. It finally did crack up; this was tragic to her. But she isn't a whiner. She couldn't prevent writers from speculating about her affairs; at least she did what she could—none of them could quote her in their "inside" stories.

When she reached the end of the trail with Frank she was terribly depressed—mentally and physically. Characteristically, she didn't care to bore others with her misfortune. So she quietly slipped away to a ranch in the California desert. Her brother, who's come from the East to live with her, went along. And Dion. She didn't pick a popular hotel; and you can easily recall how many Hollywood women do their grieving in the spotlight.

"After I'd been at the ranch an hour the curiosity attached to my being from Hollywood had died. Nobody stared at me—they weren't interested. I rode, got tan, relaxed." She stayed a month, then returned and plunged into her career. Gallant lady? In her estimation she's not unusual; those who "take it big" are.

Considering how little encouragement she had for self-improvement, the intelligence apparent is remarkable. Once I was so forward as to wonder aloud about her development from a nobody into such a Somebody. That would have been an insult to the average star, who's anxious to erase the less prosperous yesterdays now that glory's attained. Barbara didn't hesitate a jiffy.

"I didn't have more than a grammar school education, and it quickly was obvious when I got into the theatre that I'd have to make up for what I'd missed—or lose out. I had someone whose taste I respected advise me on what books I should read. I've acquired sufficient background to carry on a conversation on some matters. I'm still researching on others." Her firm lips curved. "When they approach a topic I haven't got around to I'm suddenly engrossed in the nearest magazine. Or, like Garbo, in my thoughts!"

There is no pretense about Barbara. She doesn't confess, with a weather eye on publicity, that her history has been brimming over with elemental emotions. That it's been one contrasting climax after another. Yet of all the women in pictures, she could visualize herself in that way and not be exaggerating.

She'll talk, though, about her nephew. She's putting him through Notre Dame and is exceedingly proud of his record.

"He's seventeen, and he's finishing his second year in college! His average is 90 and I keep his grade cards where I can trot them out easily. I want people to know there's someone in the family who's bright!"

I'm not fooled by Barbara Stanwyck's modesty, and I hope you'll not be. She's risen high in a line that demands cleverness. I'll bet she'd have been a fine student if she'd had a chance to attend a university. She's been smart enough to always be honest with herself, to learn, and to be a sport even when dreams have crashed. Poor pictures and a love that fizzled? She was down, but she wasn't listening to the count. Already she's winning better parts and, some day, she'll fall head over heels in love anew. They can't lick a girl with unflinching *pluck*.

The World's Greatest Love Story

Continued from page 25

The star-crossed lover, Romeo, is brought to life on the screen by the brilliant talents of Leslie Howard.

mouth drank full of the haunting sweetness of her lips.

It was when her old nurse came to lead her away that Romeo first learned who she was.

"Is she a Capulet?" He demanded of Benvolio and as the shadow in his cousin's eyes affirmed his doubt he turned away. "O dear account! My life is my foe's debt!"

Juliet too was to hear the fatal words stab through her brief ecstasy.

"His name is Romeo and a Montague." The nurse who had watched over her from the hour of her birth sighed as pain closed out the light in the girl's eyes. "The only son of your great enemy."

"My only love sprung from my only hate." Juliet's words came slowly as if she had reached into her frightened heart and torn them forth. "Too early seen unknown, and known too late!"

It did not make him seem less fair, that he was a Montague, nor lessen that quick love of him that had come to her. But now mixed with all the tenderness and all the joy was the fear of what change it might bring to him. For she had lived long enough to know that men were fashioned of sterner stuff and that such things as family name and honor and hate went deeper with them than they did with women.

If he never sought her again, if all his love for her should go in the hate he held for all Capulets! The thought was intolerable as she lay on her bed. And at last finding sleep impossible in this new terror that had come to her, she rose and slipped on a gossamer dressing robe of lace and silk and crept out on her balcony seeking solace from the night and the moon and the stars.

It was then she heard Romeo's voice from the garden below her.

"But soft," the words came whispered in a soliloquy whose tenderness brought the solace neither stars nor moon nor night had been able to give. "What light through yonder window breaks? It is the east and Juliet is the sun."

A straying moonbeam touched his face and she saw the sadness graven there that trembled into a smile as he looked up and saw her.

"It is my lady, O it is my love! O that she knew she were! See how she leans her cheek upon her hand! O that I were a glove upon that hand, that I might touch that cheek!"

"Ay me!" Juliet sighed and then she flung her arms along the balustrade and all her love was there in her eyes as she looked down upon him, as his words came to her again.

"O speak again, bright angel, for thou art as glorious to this night as is a winged messenger of Heaven!"

"O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?" She could no more deny to him the longing in her heart than she could deny the words rushing to her lips. "'Tis but thy name that is my enemy. What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called, retain that dear perfection which he owes without that title. Romeo, doff thy name and for thy name, which is no part of thee, take all myself!"

"I take thee at thy word." His voice was so close now that it seemed a part of her very being. "My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself because it is an enemy to thee."

"O gentle Romeo, if thou dost love pronounce it faithfully." Her voice was caught up with the tears that came from happiness now. "Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly won, I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay, so thou wilt woo. In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond and therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light. But trust me gentleman, I'll prove more true than those that have more cunning to be strange."

And she trembled as the jasmine vine trembled at his touch when his voice came to her again.

"Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear, that tips with silver all these fruit tree tops . . . "

"O swear not by the moon," she begged. "Th' inconstant moon that monthly changes

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Presents

"ROMEO AND JULIET"

With a cast including the following:

Juliet	**Norma Shearer**
Romeo	**Leslie Howard**
Mercutio	**John Barrymore**
Nurse	**Edna May Oliver**
Tybalt	**Basil Rathbone**
Benvolio	**Reginald Denny**
Lord Capulet	**C. Aubrey Smith**
Lady Capulet	**Violet Kemble-Cooper**
Friar Laurence	**Henry Kolker**
Paris	**Ralph Forbes**

Produced by Irving Thalberg. Directed by George Cukor. From the play by William Shakespeare. Arranged for the screen by Talbot Jennings.

Norma Shearer as Juliet, heroine of the world's greatest love story, and the star's most ambitious film rôle.

in her circled orb, lest that thy love prove likewise variable. Do not swear at all, or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self which is the god of my idolatry and I'll believe thee."

"O blessed, blessed night." His words came in whispered rhapsody. "I am afeard being in night all this is but a dream, too flattering sweet to be substantial."

She sighed, for the night was becoming pale and soon the household would be awakening. If only she could stay like this, listening to his voice for ever.

"Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed. If that thy bent of love be honorable, thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow where and what time thou wilt perform the rite and all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay and follow thee my lord throughout the world. Good-night, good-night! Parting is such sweet sorrow that I will say good-night, till it be morrow."

Before, it had been fear that had kept sleep from her. Now it was this new happiness, this replenishing of all her being. But with morning came the old doubting, the old fear that would not be appeased until his word came to her.

Then all doubting over, all fear gone. For his message bade her come to him in the good Friar Laurence's cell. There they were married, the Montague and the Capulet, with none of the glory that befitted their state. Simply as any lad or any lass would marry, their hands close held and bird song for their marriage bells. And all too soon they parted with only his kiss upon her mouth to bring meaning to the solemn words the friar had spoken over them.

But Romeo's heart was singing within him when he joined Benvolio and his good friend Mercutio afterwards. And his love for Juliet embraced even her kin when her cousin Tybalt swaggered up to them.

Before he would have fought his insolence. Now there was only that peace for all Capulets and so he thrust the mockery of the man away and would not draw his sword. It was Mercutio, resenting his friend's submission to the other's insults,

Star of RKO-Radio's "Follow the Fleet"

"Don't run the risk of clogging your pores! I avoid COSMETIC SKIN this way"...

• It's when stale powder and rouge *choke your pores* that Cosmetic Skin develops—dullness, blemishes, enlarged pores. Use cosmetics? Ginger Rogers does. "But," she says, "I remove every trace of stale make-up with Lux Toilet Soap." Clever girls use this ACTIVE-lathered soap before they put on fresh make-up—*always* before they go to bed. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps skin smooth, flawless," says Ginger Rogers.

Impossible to print a picture that would make its point and still stay within the bounds of good taste

WE'D LIKE to take some person who had just taken a harsh, over-acting cathartic ... and turn on the X-ray camera. We'd like to *show* you just what happens within you when you take so drastic a purge.

If you could see a picture like that, you wouldn't be likely to take such medicine again. You'd be super-careful to take only a laxative that is *correctly timed.* A laxative like Ex-Lax.

WHY HARSH CATHARTICS ARE BAD FOR YOU

When you take a cathartic that over-acts, it throws your entire system out of rhythm. It hurries unassimilated food through your body, causing violent muscular action in your alimentary tract. You have pains and griping. You feel weak afterwards ... all worn out!

Authorities agree that strong purgatives and cathartics should *never* be taken except upon the advice of a physician.

WHY CORRECT TIMING IS VITAL

Now, what happens when you take a *correctly timed* laxative like Ex-Lax?

Well, except for the relief you get, you hardly know you've even had a laxative. You take a little Ex-Lax tablet, preferably at night. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. It works easily and gently, taking 6 to 8 hours to be effective! No stomach pains! No distress or nausea! No unpleasant after-taste.

30 YEARS' PROOF

For over 30 years, Ex-Lax has been the approved family laxative. *More people use it than any other laxative in the world.* You can count on it for mildness, effectiveness and correct timing. A box costs only 10c at any drug store. Or 25c for the economical, family size.

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!
(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 S-66
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....Age.....
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

who drew instead—and who sank to the ground after the brief sword play mortally wounded.

Even his love for Juliet could not hold Romeo now that his friend had died for his own shame. And so with a cry he lunged toward the Capulet and again swords gleamed in the sunlight and this time it was Tybalt who fell dying.

It was all fragments of a bad dream, the flight from the Capulet wrath to the sanctuary of Friar Laurence's cell and the tidings that he had been banished evermore from Verona on forfeit of his life, that he must leave for Mantua under cover of the night.

But first he must see Juliet, and so he went again to her balcony and when her window opened at his urging he climbed up to her arms held out in love for him.

All that night they were together. Close kissed he held her and from her nearness and her warmth he drew the full measure of ecstasy and only when he heard a bird call outside her window did his arms leave her.

"Wilt thou be gone?" Juliet whispered. "It is not yet near day. It was the nightingale and not the lark that pierced the fearful hollow of thy ear. Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree. Believe me, love, it was the nightingale."

"It was the lark, the herald of the morn, no nightingale." Romeo thrust open the window and looked despairingly at the first rose tints of morning. "I must be gone and live, or stay and die."

Harder to part now that she had lain night long in his arms but even as he kissed her again the sun rose giving an urgency they could not deny.

Juliet watched after him as he climbed down the balcony again and scaled the garden wall and then there was no time even for tears for her parents came to her chamber.

Wan and still of face she listened as they told of their plans that she marry Paris on the morrow. Her tears came then, but for once her father did not heed them and a harshness she had never known in him before told her it was fruitless to gainsay them.

Weeping she sought Friar Laurence, and the man of God looked at her searchingly and then paced the stone floor of his cell.

Something could be done if she were brave enough to try it and her clear, grave eyes told him her love had made her valiant to risk anything for the sake of him she held dear. And so he told her of his plan, of the draught he would give her and that she would drink that night when she was alone and that would send a sleep so deep that she would lie as if in death for forty-eight hours. He would dispatch a messenger to Romeo who would tell him of their plan and her husband would rescue her from the tomb of her fathers and take her with him on his exile.

That night Juliet drank the draught he gave her and in the morning when they came to clothe her in her wedding clothes she lay so still and cold that they dressed her for the tomb instead. And the funeral dirge closed out the sound of wedding bells as her kinsmen bore her to her bier.

There was plague on the way to Mantua so the messenger sent by Friar Laurence was stopped in a city where none were allowed to leave in fear of spreading the black death further. But under cover of the night Romeo's faithful servant came to him with news of Juliet's seeming death.

Juliet dead! All that brightness gone! Romeo stood as one turned to stone at the dire message.

"Juliet," he groaned, "I will lie with thee to-night."

Through death and pestilence Romeo made his way back to the woman he loved, and he hated even the birds that sang along the wayside because they lived while she lay cold in death. Only once did he stop and that was at an apothecary to get the poison that would bind him to Juliet in death.

He drank deep of her beauty when he stood over the velvet pall on which she lay. Despairingly he held his ear against her heart and tried to bring warmth to the cold hand he held.

Then, "Eyes, look your last," he groaned. "Arms, take your last embrace. And lips seal with a kiss a dateless bargain to engrossing death. Here's to my love!"

He drank full of the death-giving vial and even as he kissed her he died.

It was no more than a moment later that Juliet stirred and lay for a space in bewilderment at the unfamiliar place of death, until memory returning brought a smile that soon she would be in the arms of her love again. Slowly she rose, and then the smile was gone as she saw Romeo lying at her feet, and the house of death flung back her cry as she knelt beside him.

Her groping fingers found his rapier and now it was the only thing of kindness left to her in all the world. She held it against her heart and so with her lips on his she died.

Five hundred springs have flowered since then and deepened into summer, and winters have covered the brightness of summer in their turn. And through them all, the springs, the summers, and the winters they have lain together in their long sleep of death, together in their young love that flames so briefly. Happier they, than many living lovers who have lived beyond their love and whose hearts have changed even as life changes. For in the deep, unending constancy of death they lie always together, forever loving and forever loved.

THE END

Cary Grant and Joan Bennett are teamed for the first time, and seem to be getting along fine together, judging by this scene from "Big Brown Eyes."

the snapshot came when I was feeling low, wondering if our great day— THE DAY— will ever come. I can't tell you how much new courage it brought me. Darling!

Bob

A LITTLE square of paper can hold so much! Memories . . . hopes . . . the look, the very personality of someone you love. Make snapshots now—they'll mean everything to you later. And don't take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box.

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—
you must take Today

She's a Champion SWIMMER . . . yet she TINTS her own nails!

MANY hours spent in harsh water fails to detract from the gem-like loveliness of her fingertips — yet it took but five minutes to achieve this lasting perfection with F-O Manicure Preparations.

Women everywhere are partial to F-O polish because it does not peel or chip and its lovely lustre is a source of constant satisfaction. A variety of heavenly colors of creme or transparent polish provides a shade for every occasion. Then, too, you'll find F-O Oily Polish Remover a boon to brittle nails. Try the Five-Minute F-O Self Manicure today.

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FORT ORANGE CHEMICAL CO., ALBANY, N. Y.

The wedding gift that surprises—a Lane Cedar Chest!

HOW about a treasure chest for the June bride on your list? Even a bride who is sure to have everything would be thrilled to receive a Lane Cedar Chest to hold her most cherished possessions. They are styled and finished like exquisite pieces of furniture. Besides the long, low chests, there's a lovely "window-seat" model and even a wardrobe type. Each Lane Chest carries a guarantee of moth protection. For brides, brides-to-be, or sweet girl graduates, we dare you to think of a more acceptable gift!

SPICK and span white shoes are the making of many a warm weather costume. Personally, we wouldn't be without our bottle of SHU-MILK to keep that "new shoe" whiteness all Summer long. It's a liquid that both cleans and whitens every type of white shoe from fabric to the softest kid. We like it for cleaning white handbags, too. SHU-MILK won't rub off. You can get it at five-and-ten cent stores as well as at drug and department stores.

HAIL to "Three Silent Messengers," Lenthéric's harbingers of moon-lit moments! This trio of bouquet fragrances comes out now in a gay new dress, like a miniature hatbox. Around the sides of the box whirl mad merrymakers at a masque ball, costumed in French blue and fuchsia. Of course you'll want "Three Silent Messengers" for yourself, with their lovely perfumes of Tweed, Miracle, and Gardenia de Tahiti Bouquet. However, they're so attractive and unusual in their quaint package they'd be divine gifts for Summer birthdays or graduation.

Femi-nifties

Things of Beauty for June

Ensemble for figure perfection —Maiden Form pantie girdle and "bra."

Eyes to remember thank Maybelline Mascara for alluring beauty.

Three silent messengers by Lenthéric waft fragrant messages of romance.

YOU can avoid figure-hazards and hold that line with one of the trickiest pantie - girdles we've seen! It's called "Curtsy" and is made by Maiden Form. The Lastex legs are knitted in a way that eliminates thigh bulges at the same time the garment keeps everything under control. Wear "Curtsy" with a Maiden Form brassiere and your figure problems will be flatteringly solved. "Variation" is a lightweight "bra" of lace, net, satin, or broadcloth. And there's a dandy three-way model that can be worn halter-back, evening style, or cross-strapped for sports clothes.

WARM weather ahead—and legs are coming out in the open again! Let us give you a gentle reminder to stock up on X-Bazin, that grand cream depilatory that comes in a large tube and takes ugly hair off legs so easily and quickly. Use it as often as you wish to keep your legs immaculately hair-free. The makers assure us it won't cause stubbly re-growth, the chief objection to a razor. It's fine for arms and under-arm grooming, too.

THERE'S worlds of eye allure imprisoned in Maybelline's little red and gold mascara case. That's probably why we've caught so many glimpses of it on dressing-tables, and have seen it emerge from so many smart handbags. The case contains a cake of mascara in brown, black, or blue, and a most efficient brush. Refills, each with a new brush, are obtainable. Maybelline mascara deserves its age-long reputation for ease of application, appearance, and lasting qualities. Even so, it's just been improved.

WHEN we say "Hush," you may think you're going to hear a secret. And indeed you are! A dependable insurance for under-arm daintiness and freedom from body odors is a product called "Hush." It ends under-arm perspiration at the same time it deodorizes. Whichever form you prefer—cream, liquid, or purse-size stick—"Hush" is a life-saver on sultry days. They have a dandy deodorant powder, too.

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Five..."Going on Three"

The DIONNE QUINTUPLETS, now safely through their second year

SINCE *the day of their birth, "Lysol" has been the only disinfectant used to help protect these famous babies from the dangers of Infection.*

• • •

The very first registered nurse who reached the Dionne home, that exciting birthday morning in May 1934, had "Lysol" with her in her kit and went to work with it at once.

"Lysol" has been used in thousands and thousands of childbirth operations. For the danger of Infection is high in childbirth; and doctors and nurses know they need a safe, dependable germicide like "Lysol" to help protect both mother and child.

But here is a record for "Lysol" of extraordinary importance. Following the most dramatic childbirth in medical history... in the care of the most watched-over babies in the world... "Lysol" has played, and still plays, a vitally important part.

Their clothes, bedding, diapers, cribs, even their toys, the furniture and woodwork of that snug, modern, little Dafoe Hospital...all have been kept clean with "Lysol," the effective, economical germicide.

Are you giving *your* baby this scientific care? Are you using "Lysol" to clean the nursery, bathroom, the kitchen, laundry, cellar...to disinfect clothes, bedding, telephone mouthpieces, door knobs, banisters, etc.? The scientific care given to the Dionnes is an example every mother should follow. Full directions for correct uses of "Lysol" come with each bottle.

• • •

During last winter's flood disasters, thousands of gallons of "Lysol" were rushed to devastated areas, to fight Infection and epidemics. Doctors, hospitals, and Public Health officers know they can depend on "Lysol".

NEW!...LYSOL HYGIENIC SOAP

...for hands, complexion, bath. A fine, firm, white soap, with the added deodorant property of "Lysol." Protects longer against body odors, without after-odor. Washes away germs and perspiration odors. Try a cake, today!

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GUIDANCE FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS

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Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol"

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Love Affair

...BUT *Nonspi* THE SAFE DEODORANT DOES PROMISE YOU LASTING PROTECTION

● A love affair must be of your own making. Nonspi promises only to keep you fastidious... what else can you ask of a deodorant? Nonspi is a sure and safe anti-perspirant and deodorant for underarm moisture... *because:*

1. *Nonspi has been pronounced entirely safe* by highest medical authority.

2. *Nonspi can be used full strength* by women whose delicate skin forces them to use deodorants half-strength, with only half-way results.

3. *Nonspi protection lasts from two to five days*... and you can depend on it.

4. *Nonspi's siphon-top bottle prevents contamination.* And there's no dripping or waste with this patented Nonspi applicator.

Remember these four points when you buy. Protect your delicate gowns by stopping underarm moisture effectively and safely. Insist on genuine Nonspi at all drug and department stores in the U.S.A. and Canada. 35c and 60c a bottle.

NONSPI KEEPS ITS PROMISES

NONSPI

Cupid Okays Oakie

Continued from page 26

electrician on the Paramount lot and occasionally plays strong men rôles. Jack only knew him as "Tiny" at the time and they struck up a friendship. One day Tiny was going out to Universal to see about a job. He asked Jack to go along and keep him company. Jack had never been inside a studio, so this was a big moment in his life. While Tiny went about his business, Jack treated himself to a personally conducted tour around the lot. As they were leaving through the gate, Wesley Ruggles walked by. At first he did not even remember Jack. Then he recalled the incident at the party and Jack was called back. Ruggles offered him a job and Jack accepted.

In spite of the fact that he was sometimes a bad boy and stepped from the straight and narrow, Jack Oakie never made an enemy in Hollywood. Sometimes at parties he would get too gay and spoil the good times for his friends, who had to look after him. But there is a certain charm about Jack that endears him to all who know him. Even in later years, a story leaked out that Jack wasn't exactly friendly to Joe Penner, when they worked together in a picture. Whether it is true or not, Penner sent a huge bouquet of flowers to Jack's mother, before leaving Hollywood. I wouldn't advise anyone to say anything against Penner in front of Jack today.

Hollywood remembers Jack's first romance. The girl was Ruth Mix, daughter of the cowboy star. Nothing serious ever came of this. For some time he was seen around with Gwen Lee, (who but recently has been put back under contract at M-G-M). There was the Peggy Hopkins Joyce episode that amused Hollywood no end. Oakie and the orchidaceous Peggy! Hollywood was sure it was just a gag. Peggy was famous for agreeing that a "kiss on the hand was awfully nice, but a diamond bracelet lasts forever." Oakie, in turn, was famous for confining his expensive gifts where they were most appreciated. He always showered them on his mother. When Peggy induced Jack to discard his sweat shirt and go white tie and tails, things did begin to look serious. But not for Mister Oakie.

At a cocktail party given by Director Sidney Lanfield, Jack Oakie met Venita Varden. She was standing talking to producer Pan Berman, when Jack walked up and they were introduced. Venita wasn't at all impressed. She didn't think Jack was particularly amusing and wasn't at all carried away. Having been engaged to a Wall Street broker for over three years, coming from a home in Atlanta that offered her every luxury, Venita just couldn't see any reason to be thrilled at meeting a famous star. It was a new experience for Oakie. Here was a girl, without the usual line. Jack's gay chatter didn't even register. Hm-m-m, very interesting, thought he.

Venita Varden thought no more about that evening. It wasn't unusual for men to pay her marked attention. Frankly, most of them she met bored her to distraction. Having been all over the world, she knew their flattery and prop phrases by heart. In fact she had become so bored with it all, that on a dare she had gone in the Follies. Personally picked by Ziegfeld, Venita was glorified for a season. Next came engagements with George White and Earl Carroll. In France she modeled for the late Patou. Her only reason for coming to Hollywood was to visit her mother. This time a screen career beckoned, when she was signed to a contract after appearing in "The Great Ziegfeld."

As long as life had nothing more exciting to offer, Venita decided to settle down and take the business of becoming an actress seriously. This was before she met Jack Oakie. A week or so after that meeting her phone rang. It was a friend, who said he had a friend, who wanted to say hello.

"Hello, my proud beauty," cracked Oakie. "How about a date for tonight?"

"You'll have to ask my mother," answered Venita. Jack didn't recover from the shock for days.

A week later, Venita's phone rang again. This time it was the Oakie in person. "I'm picking you up in fifteen minutes," was his greeting. "We're having dinner at the Cocoanut Grove." Venita stood locking at the phone long after Jack had said goodbye. It couldn't be true. And yet she found herself automatically changing her clothes and fluffing her hair around her lovely face. Subconsciously, (and a little furiously), she took extra pains with her toilet. As a rule, men made dates with her weeks in advance. Here was a man who wasn't asking her if she would go out, he was telling her that she was going. Venita Varden gazed in amazement at her reflection in the mirror. She was grinning from ear to ear.

From that night on Jack and Venita had a standing date. Not one of Jack Oakie's friends ever believed that they would marry. They knew how he felt about marriage. Jack had seen too many of his friends end up in un-holy wedlock. Venita, by her own admittance, had thought of all actors as being "hams." Then one night they went to the Clover Club. The evening started off nicely. A careless word was said and another careless word repeated. It finally became an argument.

"I'm through," said Venita firmly. "I don't have to take this from anyone. Please take me home."

"And you are the only girl I've ever loved," said Jack, simply.

"Then why in the heck don't you marry me?" came back Venita, just like that.

"It's not a bad idea," Jack replied. "I'll admit I have been thinking a lot about it." And so they were married. The ceremony took place in Yuma, where they had wired ahead for Judge Freeman to meet their train. Just to be sure they'd have witnesses, they made arrangements with the conductors. In Yuma, over five hundred fans had heard the advance news over the radio and were at the station to witness the event. Just before Judge Freeman arrived, Jack got so nervous he couldn't control his feelings.

After the fifteen minute stop-over in Yuma, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Oakie proceeded to New York. A honeymoon in Manhattan and back they came to Hollywood. Jack was all for getting his bride the nicest home he could find. The "nicest homes" had long since failed to inspire Venita. "Make it a cheery little apartment with a fireplace and I'll settle," was her final decision.

Because of his devotion to his mother, many of Jack's friends felt that she would resent any girl he might marry. To the contrary Mrs. Oakie would do anything in the world to see Jack happy. His interests are her chief concern. Personally, she answers all his fan mail. When Jack

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JEAN ARTHUR, *star of Columbia's* "MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN" *shows you how powder, rouge, lipstick created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, in color harmony shades, can give you new loveliness*

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The Powder that is Making Women More Attractive

"NOW, smart women everywhere are learning what every screen star knows — that the color harmony shades of Max Factor's Powder will make the skin look younger, lovelier than any other," says Jean Arthur. Max Factor has originated powder shades for every type of screen star, and you. Try your color harmony shade of Max Factor's Powder and note the amazing difference. One dollar.

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"HOLLYWOOD stars use Max Factor's Rouge exclusively," says Jean Arthur, "because it dramatizes our individual type through the magic of the color harmony shades — a make-up secret that is bringing new loveliness to women everywhere." There is a color harmony shade of Max Factor's Rouge for every type. Fifty cents.

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TO MEET the exacting demands of screen stars for a perfect lip make-up, Max Factor created a Super-Indelible Lipstick in color harmony shades. "Being moisture-proof," says Jean Arthur, "it may be applied to the inner, as well as the outer surface of the lips, giving them an even, alluring color that lasts indefinitely." Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick in color harmony shades for every type. One dollar.

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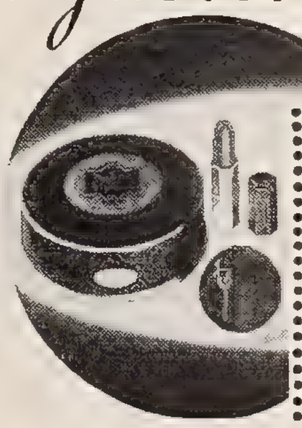

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MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*. . FREE.

4-6-7

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	type above and here ☐

begged her to work in a picture with him, she almost gave him a run for his money in popularity. Only recently she recovered from an illness. "I'll have to get good and strong now," she told Jack, when he told her of his marriage plans. "I have a daughter as well as a son to look out for." Later on she told Venita that she loved her as her very own.

"Jack and I have both been spoiled by our mothers," said Venita, the day she nervously packed her trousseau. "Both of us are 'the only child.' My mother has always wanted a son. She is mad about Jack and used to say that she never hoped to see the man who could settle me down. As far as mother is concerned, Jack is always right about everything.

"I'm afraid I pretty much agree with mother. I've sort of been used to having everything my own way, and anything I've ever wanted. For the first time in my life, I'm being bossed, and I must say I like it. It's because I've discovered a side to Jack Oakie that he allows very few people to know. He is the most sensitive, the most sympathetic, and the kindest person in the world. At first he was almost ashamed, if he happened to show the way he felt about things. All Jack's clowning around is just a big bluff. He does it to keep people from getting at him. Jack is noisy at times and yet he hates people who attract attention. Instinctively we've both liked the same things and people. We like to stay home and play Monopoly or Rummy. Jack feels deeply about birthdays and sentimental occasions. But he tries his best not to show it. I found this out when I knitted him a sweater and he didn't know how to say thank you. He's getting better about admitting his sentimental side so maybe I'm bringing it out. I hope so."

Who ever thought that the day would come when Jack Oakie would offer a discourse on marriage? And as a matter of fact this one is so sacred to him, he's rather reluctant about saying too much.

"I have everything in the world to be thankful for," Jack confided. "I can't see how one man could be any happier. I've always been afraid of marriage because I've seen what it's done to so many of my friends. But I guess the right girl hadn't come along yet. At first I was afraid Venita would turn out to be another spoiled beauty. She's the only girl I ever met who seems to know the right time to talk and the right things to say. She's not the kind who would ever get on a fellow's nerves. This marriage business is all pretty new to me, but I'm all for it."

The third of August was the date of Mr. and Mrs. Oakie's first meeting. Since that time, Jack sends her a gift the third of every month. (No, he's not a sentimentalist). Venita has a pet West Highland Terrier named Bonnie. He was the pride and joy of the Varden household and Venita just couldn't bare to part with him. Jack has never been particularly fond of pets, and certainly not dogs. But Bonnie is now the pride and joy of the Oakie household, and follows Jack around in silent worship. Who was it said—"Love me, love my dog?" It wasn't Venita Varden. But that is the way things have worked out for her.

Foot-Notes on Beauty

Continued from page 66

rounded toes and medium heels actually make feet look smaller than the French-heeled, sharply pointed footgear we used to endure, no matter how painfully, for beauty's sake!

Perhaps makers of shoes are not altogether altruistic in wedding comfort to chic. Even the most expensive shoes will lose their shape on feet that are cramped or held in a position that makes them bear the weight of one's body unevenly. Run-over heels, one of the most fatal sins against foot smartness, are caused by throwing weight unevenly on the heels. This can be corrected by wearing pads placed in the shoes so they will equalize the body weight.

Foot troubles and ugly shoes don't have to go together in these modern days. You can wear individually fitted arch supports or other corrective devices inside the shoes you've picked for their flattering style. Many department stores have experts who will measure your feet and fit you with the particular corrective device you need.

Feet have a very special responsibility to features and figures. Happy feet are reflected in smooth foreheads, clear eyes, and the ready smile that means so much to beauty. They are the basis of correct posture. You all know the trick of testing your carriage by rising on tiptoes and lowering yourself from the balls of your feet, keeping the rest of your body in graceful balance. Walk with the weight on the balls of your feet, and toes pointed only slightly outward.

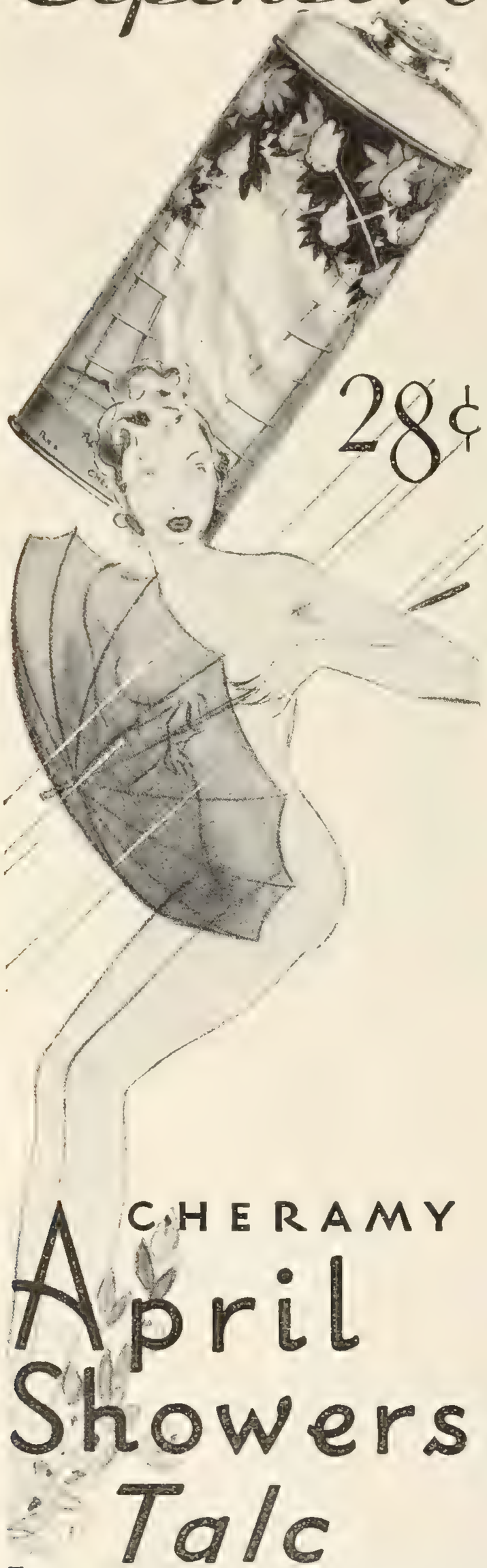
Here's a trick of standing gracefully that's practiced in Hollywood and among women who appear on the stage or on public platforms. Place one foot forward, toe pointed outward, with your heel toward the instep of the other foot and not more than an inch or two away. Carry your weight on the balls of both feet. You can test the angle most comfortable to you by rising and falling from the balls of your feet, and it will probably be midway between a right angle and parallel. Standing this way gives you a wider base on which to carry your body weight than if you keep your feet together. It avoids the awkward position of standing with your feet widely apart or of resting on one foot, (which is likely to give you a very unflattering hip profile).

The same position of your feet is a great help in rising from a chair gracefully. Rest the weight on the ball of the forward foot first, rise as if your chest were lifting you up, then distribute the weight so it falls evenly on the balls of both feet. Try it, and see how easy it is!

Now that you've resolved to make your feet comfortable and use them gracefully, give a thought to their beauty care. They should be pedicured once a week. Remove the polish. Bathe your feet carefully, (there are excellent foot soaps for this express purpose). Then cut the nails straight across, leaving them long enough to protect your toes and never cutting in at the corners. Smooth off the rough edges the same as you do with your fingernails. Apply polish all the way from the cuticle to the tips. Then, after the polish has dried, treat your feet to a massage with a foot cream—or even your favorite hand cream.

A prominent cosmetician has just brought out a complete foot beauty treatment that keeps even the hardest worked "doggies" in the pink of condition! At the end of the day, particularly if your feet are tired and sore, massage them with a cooling foot ice. Then bathe them with a special soap and scrub them well with a foot brush. After the foot bath and stimulation with a brush, a soothing lotion is patted on.

Exquisite but not Expensive



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IT'S *thrilling* to use only the softest, finest, imported talc... It's *exciting* to enjoy the refreshing fragrance of April Showers, "the perfume of Youth"... And it's *satisfying* to get this luxury at so low a price.

No wonder April Showers Talc is the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!

Anne Ascends

Continued from page 60

was not "right" for this particular story.

She had never played a character like this girl in the story, didn't even know a girl like this one. What were they to do, should they turn it down? Anne's mother told her that she must decide by herself.

The next morning Anne went to the studio and had a talk with the director, George Nichols, Jr., expressed her thoughts and fears to him. He merely laughed and said, "Don't be silly—you don't have to act; you *are* this girl in 'Anne of Green Gables'."

After much deliberation and thought, Anne quietly told her mother that evening that she wanted to make an experiment—to see if she could do a rôle which she herself didn't believe she was suited for. After all, she explained, she didn't know *all* there was to know about pictures, and she might be wrong—she hoped that she was. The rest is history. Anne was acclaimed as a star, and she can't quite believe it yet.

Since then there have been many stories printed about this charming miss—*Cinderella* stories, slightly exaggerated ones of poverty and hunger. Anne and her mother went through a lot, but they always had each other, and felt, as they still do, that that was the most important thing. Many kind people helped them in those days when they were struggling, hoping for a "break." They are grateful to them, and they still consider them among their best friends—something that is unusual in a Hollywood success story.

There have been many rumors of Anne's engagement, but she has no thoughts of romance. "In the first place," she says, "I'm much too young to even think of romance seriously, and in the second place, if I weren't, I have to save a lot of money before I can marry, for when I do meet the right person I'm going to retire and make a career of being a wife."

My thoughts might have wandered on indefinitely if my roving eyes hadn't caught a glimpse of Anne's luncheon plate. Before her she had a salad with every kind of fish that she could possibly think of, mixed into one huge dish, and a glass of milk.

"What's the idea?" I asked.

You guessed it—she answered, "It's an experiment!"

Anne Shirley makes an attractive figure in her white sharkskin slacks suit with "fleet blue" trimming.

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REMEMBER this important fact—and take the *sure* way to avoid bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and around the tongue—which dentists agree *cause* most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

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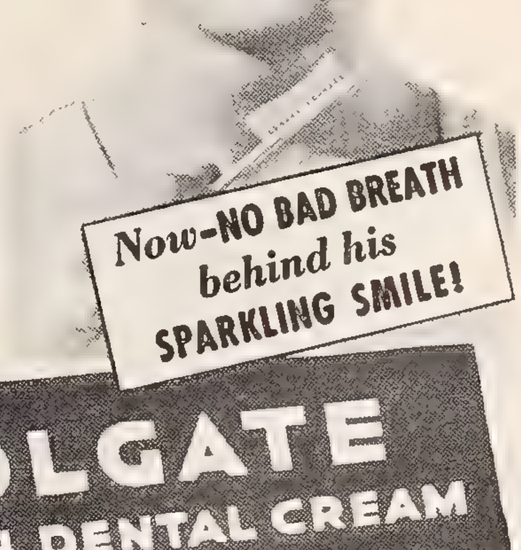

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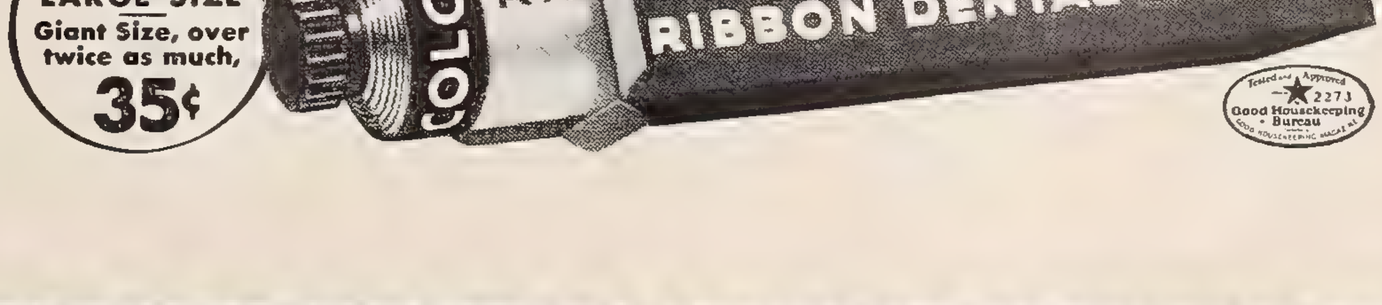

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Foster Can't Forget

Continued from page 61

New Jersey, of non-theatrical parentage. The family moved to Pitman, a nearby hamlet of three thousand. There his adventurous spirit resulted in banishment from high school at the age of sixteen. Whereupon he decided to lick life into a semblance of what he wished it to be.

His yearning to be an actor found no encouragement then. He'd sold papers, clerked in a soda fountain, and delivered groceries after classes. Pres knew that he'd have to earn the money to get to where he could land a chance. So he plunged from one petty position into another and he was just that Foster boy who imagined *he* could be famous!

"I drove a bus; I pressed suits and acquired the technique of minor repairing at a tailor's; I was a mechanic. And all the time I should have been fascinated by the pertinent details I wasn't, for I was wondering when I'd be able to get a break at what I wanted.

"It sounds amusing now, recalling all those jobs. But it wasn't funny to me when I was going through it all. I was a shipping clerk for four years in a Victrola factory. I saved and bought a gas station in Haddonfield, New Jersey. It was to be the means to the end I had in my heart, only it flopped.

"Almost everyone regarded my ambition as a joke. Well, I guess that most people are always ready to chuckle at failures. As soon as I'd get some money I'd take a train for New York City and hang around the theatrical offices until it was gone. I never was noticed.

"My grandmother, on my father's side, had had a fine voice and I sang in the choir when I was in Pitman, between jobs. I believed I could make headway as a singer, although the natives giggled at that notion, too.

"But Harry Sand, who sang in the choir, didn't. He was the first to express confidence in my voice; he repeated that I ought to do something with it. Furthermore, he was sympathetic enough to introduce me to Douglas MacCauley, an instructor in Philadelphia.

"I began studying, spending what I could for lessons. It wasn't much." He flicked his cigarette, lost in the past that was parading once more. "But MacCauley was swell to me; why, I still do the exercises he showed me. By then I was on a newspaper in Philadelphia. I used to set up ads, to demonstrate how effective they'd be, and then go out and try to sell stores into taking them. I sold refrigerators and phonographs, did house-to-house canvassing.

"MacCauley was a sincere artist; and he went to the trouble of inspiring me. Later I met Walter Grigaitas, a well-known Polish maestro, and it was he who determined me on my career. He was the first to believe I had acting possibilities. If his enthusiasm hadn't come along, I might have become so discouraged that I'd have given up and accepted whatever dull future fate dealt me. Grigaitas was a splendid teacher, and he charged me for only about one out of every four lessons I had from him. Because that was all I could afford!" Then, to boot, he got me into the La Scala Opera company."

Love entered his scheme of things in this period. Pres had completely capitulated to the petite blondness of a girl he'd met. (Today's Mrs. Foster is the first and only one!) She was an excellent pianist and on several state occasions played for him when he gave concerts.

He laughed spontaneously. "I'd had a regular job for six whole months and that permanence convinced me I could safely persuade her to marry me!"

His occupation was selling resort advertisements, securing them for a Philadelphia journal. He traveled from one swank spot to another. The wedding was in the picturesque Little Church Around the Corner, in New York City. Honeymooning on tour was all right, but Pres was devoting too much time to his musical practice. Abruptly he was fired!

The Fosters, with the zeal of youth, valiantly settled in New York itself. The career was definitely launched. But what slow rising it was!

"If it hadn't been for friends there likely wouldn't have been any progressing," Pres affirmed. "Grigaitas' great patience and reliance on what I could accomplish was the decisive factor. I'd already become acquainted with Chamberlain Brown, who's discovered more stage headliners than any other person, on previous flying excursions. He'd had me come up from Philadelphia twice, but the rôles hadn't materialized. Still, he wasn't distressed. And when an agent of his calibre had faith in me, I cheered up mightily.

"I bucked against that wall that closes out all amateurs. But, thanks to Brown's advice on what to answer when they inquired what experience I had, and thanks to his recommendations, I finally got around the barrier.

"Fortunately for me, it was Carl Hunt, casting director for the Shuberts, to whom Brown eventually sent me. Dr. Hunt was true blue. He kept me working in bits when I had to have the money to support my wife and myself. They came after I'd understudied a leading man for six months. Afterwards he got me on as an assistant stage manager.

"In Atlantic City I was on my third play at this trade. It was summer and Lionel Atwill, who got me my first Broadway part, was the star. On the opening night there was some sort of trouble with the regular stage manager, and Atwill asked me to sub." He was so capable that Atwill appointed him head man backstage for the following season in New York. He had the Atwill presentation running so smoothly that he was accorded a hundred per cent boost in salary.

"And Atwill did more," Pres stated, appreciatively. "He directed the play 'Seven' at the Republic Theatre, and I received my first Broadway notices, thanks to his okaying me for a rôle. At rehearsals he'd haul me aside for extra pointers. He fussed with me until I could go on and deliver a performance."

It was the actor with whom he shared a dressing-room for this production who told Pres to go see the agent, William Stephens. He did, and Stephens was the first to presume that Foster was suitable for pictures.

"He had a melodrama named 'Two Seconds,' and was positive that if I did the lead I'd get a nod from Hollywood. Nobody else was excited at such a prospect; in fact, no one would finance a gamble. Stephens dug up the money himself.

"Luckily, we had a hit and Mervyn LeRoy saw it and me. The matinée Mervyn attended we'd rather let down, but still he okayed me. I certainly owe him a great deal, for he has been a marvelous friend, also. Mervyn had Warners buy the show and sign me to come West for his film version. He knew I was a beginner here, and did everything in his power to guide and boost me."

Loyally, Pres brought William Stephens to Hollywood with him, and that benefactor handles all his business dealings. There was no new arrangement when major recognition came.

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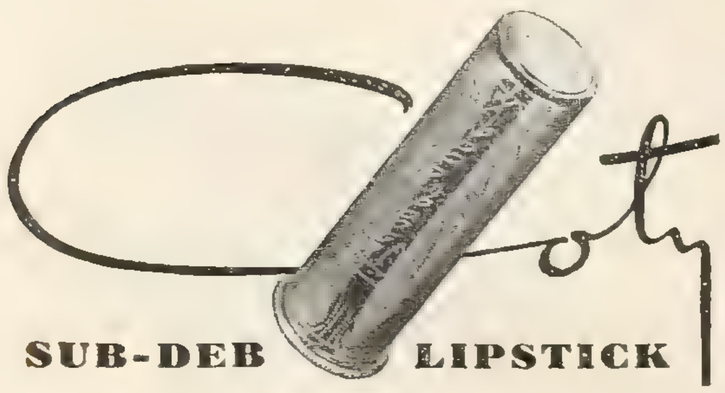
Put on a tiny bit of Coty Lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how *soft* your lips feel, how *soft* they look.

Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in five indelible colors, 50c. Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, also 50c.

Come to a new world of beauty... with the new Coty "Air Spun" Face Powder!



You'd suppose that once he had a long-term contract his worries would have ceased. But an actor has to have continual chances to score, no matter what kind of a tie-up he has. After fourteen months the assignments at Warners weren't so good, and so Pres signed with Fox. He was there ten months, and then went to Metro. Five months, during which he was given but one rôle—that of a gray-haired football coach—and he was feeling low.

The last on his list of those whom he remembers with particular gratitude rescued him when his movie career might have fizzled out.

"Cliff Reid, producing here at RKO-Radio, recalled my work in a Fox picture, 'The Man Who Dared.' He was preparing 'The Last Days of Pompeii.' Ernest Schoedsack, who was to direct it, was sold on me for the lead. Then they were delayed in starting. But Reid, bless him, put me under contract meanwhile; he cast me in 'The Informer,' and then with Barbara Stanwyck in 'Annie Oakley.' If it hadn't been for his giving me this latter rôle, which was fairly romantic, Carole Lombard wouldn't have chosen me for her hero. And I wouldn't be as happy as I am!"

So that's where this newest of masculine heart-throbs has evolved from. Pres resides in a fashionable apartment house on Rossmore, is amazingly athletic, and what do you think? Since Carole detected his appeal, M-G-M has put in a bid for him to return and team with Harlow!

Yet, when he's interviewed, he doesn't gossip about his promising tomorrows. That's typical Hollywood chatter. He talks like this, acknowledging candidly that he has cause to remember others. How does the lad strike you?

Follies Girl's Days and Nights

Continued from page 51

background productive of all the feminine graces. But the fair Virginia protested: "Not in my case. From the time I was a year old until I was eighteen I lived in Fargo, North Dokata, and you'd hardly associate Fargo with a Ziegfeld girl. But the funny part of it is that New York takes it for granted that the showgirls it sees are the most sophisticated of sophisticates. I used to laugh to myself when I was putting on worldly airs. If those metropolitans out in front had only known what a bluff I was throwing! I'd never even been in New York before, and the laugh would have been on me if blasé Broadwayites could have seen me coming out of Grand Central Station and stopping to stare up at the high buildings."

It was natural to suppose the wonder-struck stranger might have felt a bit shaky in the knees when stepping out into the big city. "I wasn't afraid, just overwhelmed," she said. "If I had come straight from Fargo I'd probably have dropped in my tracks. But Hollywood had broken the journey. Working there as an extra in pictures so that the family might eat more or less regularly had helped me to meet people without falling all over myself. I was a showgirl in the film production of 'Whoopee' when Ziegfeld saw me and offered me a job in New York. Of course, I didn't know what that would mean to me, but a theatrical agent who went along on the train with me said that all I had to do was be reasonably innocent."

As I pondered this elastic advice, Miss Bruce helped me out with: "I think men *know* if a girl is innocent. But she has to have balance. I feel sorry for the little weak ones. Two other girls who went to join the show took their mothers with them for protection, but I don't think that's necessary if girls are sensible, do you?"

Never having seen any Ziegfeld girls who looked as though they had mothers, I couldn't say.

"Zieggy was awfully nice to his girls, treating them even better than the principals. He'd give them lingerie left by a salesman, and was always saying, 'Don't work the kids too hard.' Sometimes at rehearsal we'd dance till we were ready to drop. But things were very pleasant until one night in the big dressing-room that I shared two of the girls, one Spanish and the other American, had a terrible fight. It was over a fake Count for whose dubious affections they were rivals. The Spaniard knew he was phony, but when she came right out and said so the other girl was furious. She didn't lose any time in starting something. Chairs and tables were knocked over as the two of them screamed and clawed and tore each other's hair. I was simply terrified, then amazed—for no sooner was the battle over than those girls, both of them wrecks, kissed and made up, and what's more, gave each other presents of silk stockings!"

Honeymooners! Onslow Stevens and Anne Buchanan, stage actress, married at Las Vegas, recently.

Could it be, I wondered, that men were usually the cause of trouble?

"Yes," admitted Miss Bruce, as she went on to tell of a Ziegfeld girl's days—and nights. "But I got along very well with men. It was only once I had to be on my guard. A man who lived at a fashionable hotel suggested I would be more comfortable there and that he would be happy to make arrangements for a pleasant suite of rooms which I would have all to myself. I thanked him for his unselfish generosity, but explained I preferred my humble quarters because they were near the theatre. He never mentioned the matter again and continued to be very nice and sweet to me.

This simply went to prove that a girl could take care of herself by being sensible. I had lots of offers to go out, but they were nice ones."

Her first night out in New York was with, of all gay blades for a Ziegfeld girl: "A boy from my home town, Glen Oslman, of Fargo. That was my first date, and we went to the Stork Club for dinner. Eating was very important to me, for I wasn't getting much money. At the hotel I'd manage with a bottle of milk and a bun or a few small cakes from a bakery. But when I was invited out to dinner or supper I'd make up for it. At the time I left for New York I weighed a hundred and twenty pounds, but it didn't take me long to gain ten. Away from the hotel, I always ate hearty, nourishing food, which is the thing to do, don't you think?"

You never can tell. Once a philanthropic young man took a poor little chorus girl to dinner in New York. With every reason to believe she needed a good square meal, he rashly suggested steak. "Oh," was her horrified protest, "let's not have anything so common!"

"But there *was* one thing I had to be careful about," Miss Bruce was saying. "All the time I was in New York I couldn't afford an evening dress. So when I was asked anywhere I'd find out if people were going to dress, and if they were I wouldn't go. For that matter, men didn't care a rap about a girl's being all dolled up, liking her just as well, perhaps better, in her street clothes. That's one of the reasons why I've always had faith in men, and could never be bitter about them. They take you, and respect you, for just what you are. All the parties I went to were interesting, with men like William Rhinelander Stewart, Jock Whitney, and Louis Bromfield, who autographed one of his books for me. They all treated me as a human being, not just a Ziegfeld girl."

"Who isn't quite human?"

"She's exotic," patiently explained Miss Bruce. "Not that it's her fault. But on the stage she is quite unlike her real self. There she is completely changed, except for her figure. And that's something she must have to get a job. The rest of her can be made over. One of the greatest transformations I ever saw was that of a girl who came from a railroad lunch counter at a lonely junction. But she knew she had a figure—and so did every brakeman on the line. One day she got hold of a magazine containing pictures of Ziegfeld girls, and that settled it. Saving every cent she could lay her hands on, she finally had carfare to New York, and once there she made a bee-line for the Ziegfeld office. Zieggy saw she was pretty raw material. But she had her health and figure, and before long her own mother, much less her forlorn brakemen, wouldn't have known her. She was a Ziegfeld beauty!"

Out of my provincial ignorance I asked what type was most admired.

"In the five months I was there," Miss Bruce enlightened me, "it was mostly the golden-haired girl, and I think this still holds true. She is the ideal type, like Gladys Glad. I think blondes are more striking at first sight, but I like the darker type better. She has more character."

Coming from a blonde, this was interesting, not to say magnanimous. Yet she named Ina Claire as the most beautiful stage actress.

"And on the screen?"

"Dolores Del Rio," was her choice. "But," added Miss Bruce, "I don't think New York girls are as beautiful as Hollywood's. In fact, I'm sure Hollywood has the most beautiful girls in the world. That's why Ziegfeld came out here. He knew."

Spoken like a true Ziegfeld girl!

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How Fay Helped Cary and Gary

Continued from page 27

boat every month. John, Dolores and her husband, and I are planning a gay get-together in London as soon as I can finish the Columbia picture." Dolores Del Rio, incidentally, is Fay's best friend.

And Fay was all for telling me about the remarkable charms and talents of Mrs. Gibbons, (Dolores), but it happened to be the *Messieurs* Grant and Cooper I wanted to hear her talk about—Cary and Gary and the womanly touch. Fay, the builder of men, not to be confused with Ibsen's "Master Builder," is one of the few Hollywood Glamor Girls who is far more beautiful off the screen than she is on, though I have never heard any complaints about her on the screen. She has eyelashes that come down to here, and they do not repose on the dressing-table at night, either, as so many eyelashes have to do in Hollywood; and she has really the most amazingly beautiful eyes. When she lowers her eyelids at half-mast I can readily understand why men leave home and mother. She has a small kissable mouth, (though definitely not the kissing type), but unfortunately she belongs to the Crawford School of Lipsticking, and Fay will insist upon giving herself a large mouth. She's as feminine as a chiffon handkerchief, (which she usually carries), and a whiff of the most tantalizing perfume, (which she usually goes in for). No wonder Gary and Cary sat up and took notice—and today claim that her friendship is one of their most valuable possessions. But let's not get goofy over beautiful friendships just now—friendship is all right in its place, I always say—but right now it's far more interesting to hear about how Fay Wray caused Cary Grant to get five thousand a week, more or less.

Along about 1930, John Monk Saunders wrote a play called "Nikki" which was produced on Broadway with Fay playing the lead, and the only female rôle in the play. ("That was fun, being the only girl in the play," was Miss Wray's comment.) It was a war play and one of the many young officers was played by a tall handsome chap, named Archie Leach. Archie was an Englishman and had had fair success in a couple of musical comedies but had never before tackled the drama. Fay said that he had been sitting beside her all morning at the first rehearsal and she had not noticed him particularly until he suddenly sighed from exhaustion and stretched out his legs—which extended about three rows of seats in front of him. Fay had never seen such long legs. After she had recovered from her surprise she discovered that the owner of the legs also had one of the keenest senses of humor she had ever met up with. In one scene of the play *Nikki*, (title rôle played by Fay), and her boy friends had to sit at a table sort of off-stage and make conversation while action was occurring upstage. They usually *ad libbed* something about the war just to fit in with the atmosphere. But the play, not a success, had posted its closing notice so at the last performance the ropes were down and the *ad libbing* turned into a personal conversation. "Well, what now?" said Archie. "Know of any jobs, a good bootblack, bricklayer, or hoofer wanted?" "Why don't you go to Hollywood?" said Fay. "I should think you'd go over big in pictures." "Who, me?" said Cary. "Not a chance. I'm no pretty picture boy." And so right there on the stage, while several hundred people looked on, Fay gently sold Cary Grant, *née* Archie Leach, the idea of going to Hollywood.

When the play closed that night Archie took his second-hand car and started West. Fay received a postcard from him, postmarked El Paso, Texas, on which he had scribbled that he was taking her advice for better or for worse. As you all know, Paramount signed Cary on a contract in 1931 and Mr. Leach out of gratitude to Fay insisted that his screen name be Cary Lockwood, which was his stage name in "Nikki." But it seems that marquees have to be considered just in case you might become a star, so young Mr. Leach and Paramount compromised and Cary Grant was the result. Cary still calls Fay "Nikki" and often of an evening in Hollywood he and the Saunderses will get together and talk over the night on the stage that Fay started him on his movie career.

And what about Gary? Well, Gary, (another of Fay's beautiful friendships which has lasted through the years), was already in pictures when Fay met him—but he was far from being a success, was very shy and unhappy about Hollywood, and had about decided that he had better return to his art rather than be kicked out by a studio. Fay was what the doctor ordered. Just as shy as Gary himself, the Montana boy found in her a kindred soul and it was she who gave the helping hand and the wise advice in those precarious months. After "The Legion of the Condemned," Fay and Gary were sent to St. Michael's, Maryland, on location with "The First Kiss" company. That was in 1928 and in those days a "location" trip was really something. St. Michael's is a little fishing town on Chesapeake Bay, selected by the studio because the picture was about the oyster industry, Gary played a fisherman, and when the "movie folks" arrived the townspeople went mad with excitement. They took one look at the "love interest" of the picture, Fay and Gary, and decided that they were the most romantic young couple in the world and ought to get married at once. Poor Fay and Gary—it was just too, too embarrassing. Soon it was in the newspapers all over the country that Fay and Gary were hopelessly in love. Then one of those near-tragedies happened in the Bay one day. Fay was supposed to row herself out to an oyster barge and climb up the side of the barge, aided by a concealed rope. The rehearsal was perfect, but when it came time for the "take," something happened, the rope had mysteriously disappeared, and when Fay tried to climb the side of the barge she slipped and fell right into the Bay. The men on the barge all thought it was a part of the picture and looked on with great unconcern while Fay, who couldn't swim a stroke, went down for the second time. Then from somewhere out of the bottom of the boat came Gary Cooper and the most thrilling of rescues followed. Well, after that romantic interlude you just couldn't tell St. Michael's, Hollywood, or the world that Fay and Gary weren't in love. Now out in Hollywood, a Mr. John Monk Saunders, who had written "The Legion of the Condemned" and fallen in love with its leading lady, Miss Wray, read all this to-do about the Fay-Gary romance, and decided that now was the time for a little quick action. After all, Gary was definitely a fascinating guy. Mr. Saunders arrived in St. Michael's, Maryland, one afternoon and when the day's work was done, Fay and Gary, with a decided odor of oysters about them, and Mr. Saunders, with the cinders of the Santa Fe still in his hair, all rushed off to a quaint little parish church. Fay recalls that

it was very small and completely covered with vines, and a marriage ceremony ensued; but it was John Monk Saunders, not Gary Cooper, who married Fay Wray. St. Michaels' never forgave him. I guess it was the shattering of their first illusion. Anyway, Gary was the Best Man, and presented Fay with a little booklet on how to keep your husband. The day that Gary rescued Fay from the briny deep he had on his most valued possession, an extremely expensive wrist watch. The watch was ruined—but Gary still keeps it as sort of a souvenir of the occasion.

Well, I always say that it must be kinda nice to know that you were the womanly touch in the careers of two such grand guys as Gary and Cary. And what would movies be without them? Thank you, Ma'am, thank you, Ma'am, Miss Wray.

Beauty Prize

Continued from page 33

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CONGRATULATIONS SWEETHEART DELIGHTED TO SEE YOUR PHOTO IN SILVERSHEET EVEN UNDER ALIAS STOP NEVER BEEN ABLE TO FORGET YOU STOP NO JOB RIGHT NOW BUT MAY SEE EACH OTHER IN HOLLYWOOD LOVE AND KISSES
SNOOPY

Steve read them all, slipped them into their envelopes and, after a batch had accumulated, sent Joe off with them. He hated Rolly, he hated Snoopy, he almost hated Ruth. Business brought her to the office practically every day, but she evidently had no time for an evening with him. Once—in the comparatively quiet interval between two and three—she stopped for a few minutes' chat. She told Steve how the whole thing had come about. It seemed that a man had appeared at the Five-and-Ten months before, acted very important and mysterious, photographed a few of the girls—just as they were, in their working clothes—and gone off. No one had dreamed anything would really come of it. She was terribly happy, of course, because now she'd be able to send her mother money, and help Harry out too. Harry was expecting another baby—or rather, his wife was. She sighed through force of habit.

"But aren't you scared?" Steve asked. "You know—Hollywood and all that—?"

"Scared to death," she replied, but as blithely as though she were already queen of Hollywood and all its works. "After all," she said, "Garbo started in a hatshop—a Swedish one, at that. I read in a magazine that her English is nothing to brag about even now." She paused for a moment, then added modestly: "Not that I'm trying to compare myself with Garbo."

"Oh, those Hollywood baboons'll be crazy about you all right," said Steve wearily. He'd been suffering torments these past weeks. He sometimes found himself wishing that Ruth were gone to Hollywood or the devil, and the whole thing over and done.

"Rolly says I'm just the type they're looking for," mused Ruth, (and for perhaps the hundredth time Steve consigned Rolly to the darkest depths of perdition). "Rolly says they're all too hardboiled in Hollywood—the girls, I mean—they drink and they'll carry on with anybody. He says a girl that doesn't drink or smoke and—and respects herself, can make five thousand a week.—Two thousand, anyway," she added uneasily, as Steve made no reply but continued to fix her with a gaze at once preoccupied and penetrating. Yet

STAR BRIGHT HAIR

Admiración

makes YOUR hair like the Movie Stars'

● That rippling luster of the screen star's hair—on what magic shelf does she keep the secret? But there's no longer any mystery about it. Right in your home, *you* can capture the same lovely glints.

The Soapless Oil Treatment! Discovered by the professional hairdresser, Admiracion Shampoo Treatment naturally "went" Hollywood. And now that charm can be yours. Inexpensively. Permanently!

Admiracion is a soapless *oil treatment.* It cleanses deep in the pores—lubricates the follicles and adds strength to the hair itself. Because Admiracion *conditions* the hair and scalp, Nature is able to impart new beauties of color and luster to hair that was suffering.

And this important beauty treatment is *easier* than an old-fashioned shampoo. Try it. See the stars come out in your hair!

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Helen worried about her hair...

--AND THEY SAY THE SCREEN STARS USE IT TO MAKE THEIR HAIR SHINE IN CLOSE-UPS

Until she tried ADMIRACION

YOU'VE GOT THE LOVELIEST HAIR OF ANY GIRL HERE

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SOAPLESS SHAMPOO TREATMENT

SEND 10c FOR GENEROUS SAMPLE

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. . . adds charm to any smile!

2 IS TWICE AS SOFT
...safe even for children's teeth!

3 CLEANS MORE THOROUGHLY
. . . foams between teeth

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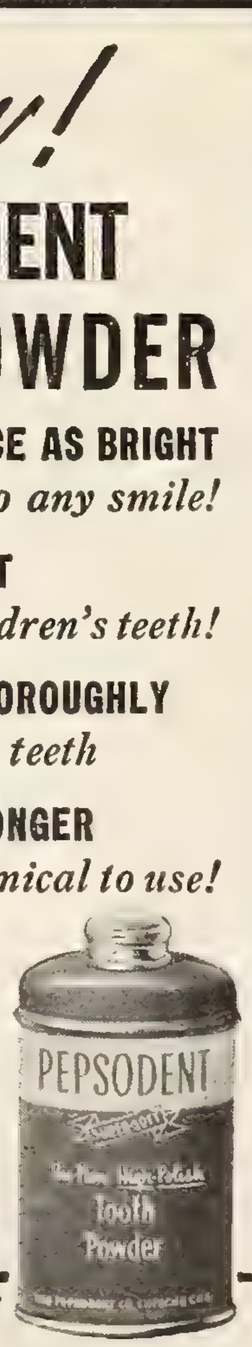

The Professional Tooth Powder
for Daily Home Use

Steve hadn't heard a word she said. She was so changed, so alien—as though a year had passed since their last meeting. He simply couldn't conceive that he had ever kissed this girl.

"Doing your hair some other way?" he finally asked.

"No—what makes you think so? I just got a permanent."

"Going to write me when you're famous?"

And Ruth replied politely: "Why, of course. What d'you suppose, Steve?"

The day of departure came. The train for New York left Bend River at 6:24. Steve locked up at six sharp and started racing for the station. If he ran all the way he could make better time than the street car, bumping through town. Breathless and perspiring, he did manage to get to the station before the train left. It made only a two-minute stop at Bend River. He could see Ruth's face at the window, but she didn't see him. She was wearing a new hat—another new hat, that is—not the one Steve already knew. A group of twenty or so stood on the platform, waving frantic goodbyes. They were all strangers to Steve. Ruth was a stranger too, for that matter. There was no more Ruth. Viola Palmer. A Hollywood star. Goodbye. The train puffed out, and Steve stood there looking after it. The world was gray and meaningless. Suddenly a glimmer of light pierced the general gloom. "I'll see her in the movies," he thought. He went home and to bed, though it was far too early. He even managed to sleep.

Nothing came for a week but piffling telegrams for the cotton mill and the uninteresting residents of the river district. Steve took to writing verse during the tedious intervals between wires. He felt desolate and empty—bloated almost with the sick emptiness inside him. But the matter of verse-writing wasn't as easy as he'd imagined it. Nor was the office quiet enough for creative effort. No sooner had he got himself into the mood, when the bell of his Simplex would ring or Joe would start whistling or a man from Fourteenth Street would come in to wire his mother-in-law that an eight-pound baby had arrived, mother and child both doing well. He thought two of the poems had turned out rather well, and sent them to the *Bend River Star*. They were returned a couple of days later with a printed rejection slip. Once he went out with Tony—a girl he'd known before Ruth dawned on his horizon. But it only made things worse. Tony's eyes were different, her hair was different, her voice was too loud and her skirts didn't swing like Ruth's.

MRS. HELEN QUIRK
376 NORTH 23RD STREET
BEND RIVER OHIO
ARRIVED SAFE MARVELOUS RECEPTION EVERYTHING TERRIBLY EXCITING STOP LEAVE TOMORROW FOR HOLLYWOOD LETTER FOLLOWS LOVE
RUTH

MRS. HELEN QUIRK
376 NORTH 23RD STREET
BEND RIVER OHIO
GOOD TRIP HOLLYWOOD DIVINE MY PHOTO IN ALL PAPERS STOP ADDRESS POINSETTIA APARTMENTS FOURTEEN THIRTY NORTH BRONSON KISSES
RUTH

MRS. HELEN QUIRK
376 NORTH 23RD STREET
BEND RIVER OHIO
DONT WORRY EVERYTHING OK APPOINTMENT TOMORROW PHOENIX COMPANY LOVE
RUTH

MRS. HELEN QUIRK
376 NORTH 23RD STREET
BEND RIVER OHIO
HURRAH CONTRACT WITH UNION FILM COMPANY SIXTY PER WEEK EVERYBODY PROPHESIES GREAT FUTURE NEW ADDRESS LEMON GROVE APARTMENTS SIX THREE SIX ONE SUNSET BOULEVARD LOVE.
VIOLA

MISS VIOLA PALMER
LEMON GROVE APARTMENTS
6361 SUNSET BOULEVARD
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
CONGRATULATIONS VERY HAPPY OVER SPEEDY SUCCESS STOP HOPE YOU WONT FORGET YOUR OLD FRIEND
STEVE

Three months had passed since Ruth's departure, and Steve was doing his best to forget her. He went out with Tony, and he gave up writing verse. He was always wrangling with Joe, though Joe was only the messenger boy. Joe declared that Steve was an old grouch and a nervous wreck, and hinted darkly that he knew why, all right, too. Suddenly Tony announced her engagement to the floorwalker of the department store. There were no more telegrams from Hollywood. Ruth was apparently sending her mother all the news by mail.

Steve discovered that *Silversheet* came out twice a month. He circled the dates on his calendar and, when publication day rolled round, made straight from the office for the newsstand at the corner of Main Street to buy the new issue. For six weeks they featured Viola Palmer. There were photographs—*Viola in the Five-and-Ten—Viola leaving New York—Viola arriving in Hollywood—Viola on the beach at Santa Monica*—a photograph in which her legs were very much in evidence and her face little more than a smudge. *Viola Palmer, Hollywood's latest find.* The next picture was captioned *Viola and Ducky Dare at the Brown Derby*—a darkish snapshot showing Ruth at dinner with a grinning young man. It was such a poor picture that Steve wouldn't have recognized her except for the caption. The photographs were used to illustrate a serial called *Life of a Beauty Queen,* by Viola Palmer, as told to Rowland Lyman.

Steve pored over each instalment, his heart beating a little faster as he hunted the pages for some mention of his name. But it never came. The terse, snappily written story did contain references to various young men who had entered Viola's life at one time or another, but Steve wasn't among them. Hungry for the sight of her face or name, he began buying other movie magazines. Only once was his search rewarded. On a page headed "New Showgirls for the Filmusical *Mars Ahoy,*" he found a picture of her, not much larger than a postage stamp, included among the miniature photos of twenty other girls.

Then nothing happened till August. At noon one Thursday an elderly woman entered with the embarrassed, apologetic air of those unaccustomed to sending telegrams. Steve gave her his fountain pen. He could see that she was pondering and crossing out words to get her message within the limit of ten.

"Nice day, isn't it?" There was something about her smile—. And when she'd left and he was inserting the form into the machine, his heart skipped a beat.

MISS VIOLA PALMER
PICO COURT
6428 PICO BOULEVARD
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
WORRIED NO NEWS HARRY CAN SEND SOME MONEY IF NECESSARY
MOTHER

All evening Steve brooded over the message. What could it mean? Was Ruth sick? Wasn't she getting the breaks? Had something happened to her? It was all he could do to keep from sending a wire himself. He spent half an hour collecting the file copies of every wire that had anything to do with Ruth. In bulk, they made little sense. That evening he went to the movies. For weeks now he had been religiously at-

tending the showing of every new film. Ruth might appear in one of them. You never could tell. But it seemed to take those fellows in Hollywood forever to get a picture done—and longer than that to get it round to a dump like Bend River.

Ruth's answer came next day:

MRS. HELEN QUIRK
376 NORTH 23RD STREET
BEND RIVER OHIO
DONT WORRY MOM WORKING AT STUDIO DAY AND NIGHT NO TIME TO WRITE VERY HAPPY AND SUCCESSFUL LOVE AND KISSES
VIOLA

The moment Joe went off with the wire, Steve, working against time, sat himself down to compose a letter to Ruth. Three times he was interrupted, but he finished and dropped the letter into the postbox outside just as Joe turned the corner on his wheel.

"Darling," he had written, "I don't know whether I ought to say Dear Ruth or Dear Miss Palmer, but I know I can't go wrong on darling, because that's what you are. Do you remember the night we went to see 'Anna Karenina' together? I'll never forget that night. I go to the movies quite often because I'm so anxious to see Miss Viola Palmer in her first picture. I'm proud enough to burst when I think a girl I knew so well is now a movie star. Nothing new here. I was in the 5 and 10 not long ago, but I didn't see a single girl there I'd care to go out with. We're having a drought and it must be very hot in Hollywood. It would make me very happy if you could find time to drop me a line.

Yours,
Steve Tyndall."

The answer was a postcard, which arrived about the middle of September. It showed Ruth in slacks and cap, looking for all the world like a boy. Across the photograph she had scrawled: "Greetings, Viola Palmer." Steve carried it around with him till the corners curled up and the picture was wearing threadbare.

Meantime great things were happening.

MRS. HELEN QUIRK
376 NORTH 23RD STREET
BEND RIVER OHIO
JUST SIGNED MARVELOUS CONTRACT WITH PHOENIX FILM COMPANY SEVEN YEARS WITH OPTIONS SALARY INCREASING TO TWELVE HUNDRED WEEK STOP PLEASE BE AS HAPPY AS I AM LOVE
VIOLA

MISS VIOLA PALMER
BEVERLY CHATEAU
BEVERLY HILLS CALIFORNIA
GOD BLESS YOU DARLING DONT WORK TOO HARD HARRY SENDS BEST LOVE WE ARE VERY PROUD OF YOU
MOTHER

And a little telegram that Steve sent off on his own hook:

MISS VIOLA PALMER
BEVERLY CHATEAU
BEVERLY HILLS CALIFORNIA
COMPLIMENTS TO THE NEW GARBO FROM AN OLD ADMIRER IN BEND RIVER

Steve had reconciled himself to the fact that Ruth had escaped from his world and been carried, as though on wings, straight into the heaven of movie stars. The thought of her brought him a curious sense of satisfaction. He had been the only one to recognize her beauty and charm while she was still living in a dump, buried in the Five-and-Ten-Cent Store. Coming in hatless, with raindrops in her hair. The shabby little coat she'd been wearing the day she'd sent her first wire. A smile touched his lips at the memory. Now she was making twelve hundred a week—or would be before long. It was all a fairy-

Glamour BY JANTZEN

● A Jantzen molds the body in graceful slender silhouette. New Kava-Knit fabrics combine richness of texture and design in the loveliest swimming apparel of the year with permanent and perfect-fitting qualities. Jantzens gently but firmly hold the body in the natural lines of youth with a truly amazing degree of figure-control. It is, you know, America's finest fitting swimming suit.

ELEANORE WHITNEY, *appearing in the Paramount picture,* **"Three Cheers for Love"** *wears the* Jantzen Kerchief, $5.95. *Other Jantzen models* $4.50 *to* $8.95.

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS (Dept. 261), Portland, Ore.
Please send style folder in colors, featuring new 1936 models
WOMEN'S ☐ MEN'S ☐

Name _____

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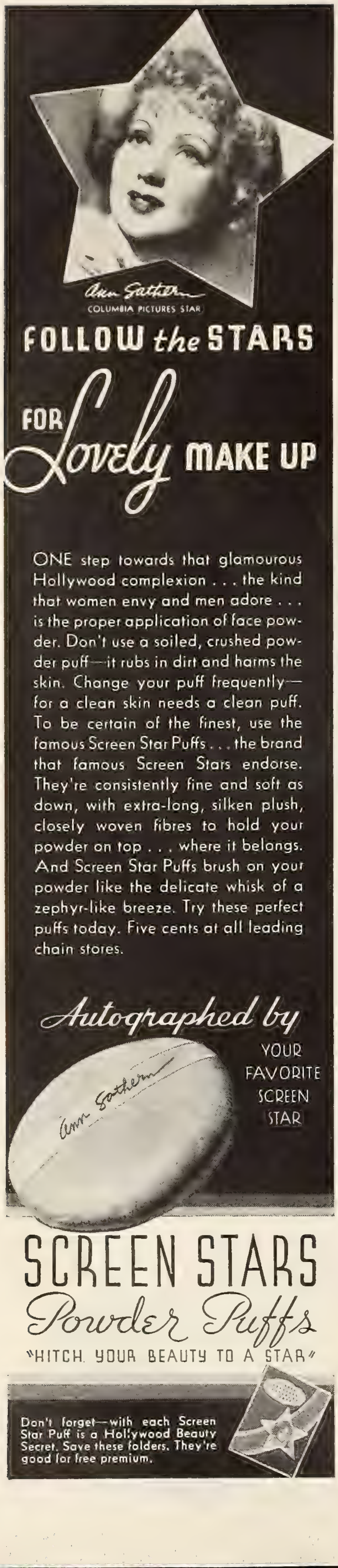

tale. She might get to be more famous than Garbo or Constance Bennett. But he was the fellow who had discovered her and kissed her, long before magazines or beauty judges or movie magnates or film directors had known anything about her.

Since Steve took it for granted that Ruth would do great things in Hollywood, he felt no surprise when her name appeared one morning in the *Bend River Star*. "Smashup," showing at the Majestic Theatre from Wednesday through Saturday, would be of special interest to the residents of this city, featuring as it did the initial appearance in films of a young actress from Bend River. Viola Palmer, who had just been launched on a promising screen career would play the part of Molly. Doreen Davis and Herbert Taylor were starred. The picture was rich in thrills and romance, climaxing in a stupendous air crash and its attendant consequences.

The Evening Post, rival sheet to the *Star,* printed a little story headed *"Local Girl Makes Good in Hollywood."* Steve recognized fragments of the articles in *Silversheet,* reworked into a tasty little newspaper ragout. He was in his seat at the theatre on Wednesday, before the house lights were turned off. Once he had sat here with Ruth. Now he was waiting to see her on the screen. Looking about him during the newsreel, he marvelled that the house hadn't been sold out. The feature was announced—and his body grew so tense that the muscles at the back of his neck ached. There was her name: MOLLY—VIOLA PALMER—near the end of a long list of players. He resented the fact that it came so far down on the list. But resentment soon gave way to uneasiness. The movie went on and on, and still no Ruth. Where was she? There couldn't be any mistake. He'd seen her name on the list of players.

The scene changed to a Monte Carlo Casino. There!—his heart leaped—was it—? Yes, it was Ruth all right, but so changed that he could hardly recognize her. Her hair had been tinted a platinum blonde—or was it a wig?—that pale, stiff, artificial-looking cap of waves. She looked very tall and extremely slender, and her glittering gown with its train was cut so low and clung so close to her body that Steve felt a little uncomfortable. The moment she opened her mouth, the audience laughed, for she spoke with an exaggerated Middle Western accent. Almost before Steve knew what was happening, the scene was over. "Nuts to you!" she had said, and people had laughed, and the scene had shifted to a precipitous Riviera road, down which a car, bearing Doreen Davis and her leading man, dashed at breakneck speed. He stayed to the end, but he saw no more of Ruth. Not till he was riding home did he realize that her part had had nothing to do with the rest of the picture, and had been inserted only for a couple of laughs. "She doesn't talk like that at all," he thought. He remembered now that Ruth's speech had been touched with the typical Bend River intonation, but there had been something gay and artless about it. They seemed to be making a guy of her in Hollywood.

On the whole, the movie served to cool his ardor a little. The girl on the screen had been Ruth, and yet not Ruth. Maybe he'd imagined a lot of things. Maybe her hair wasn't so shining and rebellious as he remembered it—maybe her eyes weren't so sweet and clear. In any case he sent her a telegram:

MISS VIOLA PALMER
BEVERLY CHATEAU
BEVERLY HILLS CALIFORNIA
WHOLE TOWN DELIGHTED WITH
YOUR PERFORMANCE IN SMASHUP
INCLUDING YOUR OLD FRIEND
STEVE TYNDALL

It was over a year since Ruth had come in to send her first telegram. Her image had begun to fade a little, and the pain at Steve's heart when he thought of her wasn't quite so poignant. As a matter of fact, he'd met a girl who worked in the drugstore whom he liked. Anne wasn't half so pretty as Viola Palmer, but so much the better. He'd grown apprehensive of girls who were too pretty. Anne was a good cook—so she said—and when the cold weather set in, she knitted him a muffler. These were gifts not to be sneezed at, either.

Nevertheless, the blood started pounding in his temples when a wire arrived one November morning from Grand Rapids:

MRS. HELEN QUIRK
376 NORTH 23RD STREET
BEND RIVER OHIO
ARRIVE TOMORROW AFTERNOON
LOVE
RUTH

Cecilia Parker's pets, Speck and Stingy, are speedy fellows when out for a run—so fleet, indeed, that Cecilia has to wear roller skates to keep up.

Ruth in Bend River! Tomorrow! His brain whirled with conjectures. What was she coming for? "What *would* she be coming for, you ass?" he jeered at himself savagely. "To see you, I suppose! Probably wants to give the old home town the once-over and take the next train back." As he filed the copy, he noted with displeasure that his hands were trembling.

They continued to tremble at intervals all next day. Maybe she'd phone. Maybe she'd come in. Maybe she'd have some wires to send. Every time the door opened that afternoon, his nerves jumped. He dismissed Joe at six and kept the office open till six-thirty. His thoughts kept straying to Twenty-third Street. What was she doing now? How did she look? Was her hair still platinum, damn it? Then, cursing himself for a double-dyed fool, he locked up, went to a cafeteria for dinner and from there to the movies. At least he was safe at the movies. He planted his feet firmly on the floor, to keep them from straying, like his thoughts, to the little house in Twenty-third Street where Ruth was.

(To Be Continued Next Month)

Maybe It's Spring

Continued from page 23

success and Henry didn't. The old story of the rich, successful wife and the poor, unappreciated husband, and of course two such screwy people didn't wait long to get a divorce.

Margaret came to Hollywood, was a sensational success in her first picture "Only Yesterday," and a year later married William Wyler who directed her in "The Good Fairy." Henry finally got his break on Broadway in "The Farmer Takes a Wife" and was signed for pictures in Hollywood and has had one success after another, (especially "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"), until today he is as well and favorably known by the fans as Margaret is. Well, that was the situation when Margaret, a bit surly and aloof, was reintroduced to her former husband and handed a script of "The Moon's Our Home." To her surprise—and horror—she discovered that she and Henry were practically playing themselves in the picture, except that the picture had a happy ending and she, definitely, had no intention of returning to Henry Fonda. The director and people on the set tell me that for the first few days of production Margaret and Henry never spoke to each other but at the end of each "take" would go to opposite corners of the stage like a couple of wrestlers when the gong rings. And then "The Moon's Our Home" company had to go way up to Truckee in the Sierra Mountains for the snow scenes and I must say there's nothing like an isolated location to bring out the milk of human kindness in a movie star.

The first day on location in the snow Henry persuaded the sound technician to let him handle the "mike" boom for one scene in which Margaret was supposed to rant all over the place. And he purposely did such a bad job of handling it that the scene had to be taken over three times. By the third "take" Margaret was really ranting and Henry made a dirty crack to the effect that it sounded just like old home week. Late that afternoon Margaret got even with him. She was on top of a small slippery incline and extended a helping hand to Henry as he scrambled up. Just as he reached the top she pushed his face down in the snow and then sat on him. Well, you can't be aloof to a man after you've sat on him, now can you?

RECENT STARTLING DISCOVERY!

Two new Beauty Creams that stay **GERM·FREE**

Woodbury's Beauty Creams help protect against blemishes caused by germ-infections . . . make your skin finer, fresher, lovelier

BLEMISHES! Ugly little spots that appear just when you least expect and want them! And all too often they are caused by *germs* that invade some tiny crack or scratch in your skin.

That's why it's so important to use beauty creams that are germ-free. Both Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams contain a scientific ingredient which keeps them free from germ-growth to the last pinch in the jar. Blemish-germs cannot live in these creams.

Try Woodbury's Cold Cream, and see how it freshens the tissues, frees the pores of dust and dirt, makes your whole face glow with new life! As a smooth, invisible base for powder and rouge, use Woodbury's Facial Cream.

50c, 25c, 10c in jars; 25c, 10c in tubes.

"X" MARKS THE SPOT

where blemishes most frequently appear. But they may occur wherever germs invade the skin. Help guard your skin against infection with germ-free beauty creams.

MAIL NOW . . . FOR COMPLEXION KIT!

Brings you generous tubes of 2 Woodbury Beauty Creams; 6 shades of Facial Powder; also guest-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, containing "Filtered Sunshine" element. Enclose 10¢, for packing and postage.

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10c *for a package containing 2 shampoos at all 5 and 10 cent stores.*

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New approved formula
REMOVES FRECKLES WHILE YOU SLEEP

Whether you have a few freckles or many, fade them out quickly and gently *while you sleep*. Get a jar of Nadinola Freckle Cream today and apply at bedtime. Day by day skin becomes clearer, fresher. Usually freckles disappear in 5 to 10 days. So do other blemishes. Nadinola Freckle Cream is *guaranteed* by a famous laboratory with 36 years' experience in this type of skin treatment. Only 60c at drug and toilet counters; 10c size at Ten Cent Stores. • Or send a dime for trial package to NADINOLA, Box 164, Paris, Tenn.

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MORE FOR YOUR MONEY
THE BEST TO BE HAD
Gives complete insurance against offending others! Easy to apply. Lasting. Harmless to your clothing. *Ideal on sanitary napkins.* A Physician's Prescription. Ask dealer or write
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TAP DANCING BY MAIL
Beg. or Adv. Tap $1. Sample Tap lesson for Beg. with Standard Time-Step & Break, 25c. Beg. Waltz & Foxtrot $1. HAL LEROY studied here. Send for list "S."
KINSELLA ACADEMY, 2532 May St., Cincinnati, Ohio

Anyway, my spies report that with the picture in its last days of production you can't pry Margaret and Henry apart on the set, and according to the gossip columns and my own eyes they've been making "entrances" at some of our best parties and night clubs. It's rather interesting to note that "The Moon's Our Home" had been in production only one week when little Miss Sullavan through her lawyers secured herself a Chihuahua, Mexico, divorce from William Wyler. When I asked if she planned to re-marry her former husband Margaret said, "I can't say just now—maybe."

Another girl who has been doing a lot of stepping lately is Joan Blondell. Maybe it's spring—or maybe it's Dick Powell. Now Joan never was a Garbo exactly but she lived on the tip-top of Lookout Mountain and she was married to George Barnes, camera-man *deluxe*, who was quite a bit older than Joan and who liked nothing better than to come home from the studio, slip into his bed-room slippers, and lounge around for the rest of the evening. Joan wanted to go places and have laughs but George usually managed to talk her out of it. But came the Blondell-Barnes divorce, then a period of reconstruction wherein Joan was the "little mother" to Normie Barnes and nothing but the "little mother." But a gal in her twenties, full of health and vitality and an urge to have fun, can't be expected to sit around home pining over the wreck of her marriage forever. Joan sold the hill-top home, lock, stock, and barrel, moved away from the cold dreary mountain fogs to the sunshine of San Fernando Valley. She dieted and exercised systematically and lost twenty pounds. She bought herself some perfectly elegant clothes. Then she started having dates with popular Dick Powell who had the neighboring estate, and now with her new svelte figure and her new clothes she's dancing like mad all over the place. A party really isn't a party unless Joanie is there with a flower in her hair. Your guess is as good as mine but I guess that Joan and Dick will be married when Joan's divorce is final—it's been a long time since these old eyes have seen love in such bloom.

And still another little gal to do a lot of fancy stepping lately is Bette Davis. Maybe it's spring—or maybe it's the Academy Award. Anyway, ever since that eventful evening some two years ago when Bette went to a gala premiere at the Chinese Theatre escorted by five young men as a publicity gag and the gag went sour on her Miss Davis has been more or less a homebody. Then her husband, the youthful Harmon O. Nelson, returned to Hollywood to play and sing at the Roosevelt Hotel, and then Bette won the Academy Award for the best performance of the year and ever since then Bette has been the belle of the ball. When last heard from she was on her way to New York to see plays and have herself one grand time.

And of course Hollywood is still gasping from the shock of seeing Ronald Colman, who never goes any place, come out of his shell and actually start dating a few girls. The only place Hollywood has ever been able to find Ronnie was on Warner Baxter's or Bill Powell's tennis court, and suddenly for no reason whatsoever there he was lunching at Perino's with Benita Hume, dining at the Brown Derby with Benita Hume, and escorting Rosalind Russell to the races and then to the Trocadero. And if that wasn't enough to give us a stroke he actually attended the Countess di Frasso's party for Elsa Maxwell, sent Claudette Colbert roses, and gave a party himself. Such goings-on.

With Cary Grant I just don't know—maybe it's spring or maybe it's England. Anyway, ever since he returned from England recently Cary has been very, very social and a host to Lord and Lady Plunkett, no less. (You really haven't "arrived" socially speaking in Hollywood until you have entertained British aristocracy.) He was slipping pretty badly until "Sylvia Scarlett" but I hear tell that since he gave that grand performance of a cockney bloke that every studio in Hollywood has been after him. He hasn't been seen with charming little Betty Furness, (not that she has minded, for she has a whole string of boy friends), since his return from England and I do hope all that Lord and Lady business hasn't gone to his head.

And imagine our surprise when beautiful Irene Dunne started appearing night after night at the Trocadero, not to mention the Mayfair and Joan Crawford's party. Why, in the old days no one ever saw the fair Irene after six o'clock of an evening. She went home from the studio and that's all anybody ever knew. But now she's all over the place. Maybe it's spring—or maybe it's Dr. Frances Griffin. You see, Irene has always been one of those transcontinental wives. Her husband is Dr.

Inspiration for aviators! New charmer Frances Farmer, with old friend Grant Withers, and handsome John Howard, make an attractive trio for a new film.

Francis Griffin, a well-known New York dentist, so between pictures Irene would always scurry off to be with him in New York, and then when she was working she just went home at night and went to bed, so naturally we of the film colony didn't see much of Irene, one of our best hermits. Then out of a clear sky she suddenly up and bought several acres in Holmby Hills, right next to Claudette Colbert, and started building a perfectly beautiful home, and can be found there any day now planting petunias. Well, it seems that Dr. Griffin was getting a bit bored with having Irene pop out of New York almost as soon as she popped in so he has now made arrangements whereby he can spend six months of the year in Hollywood—and that, my kiddies, seems to be the real reason for Miss Dunne becoming a social butterfly.

Those two popular lads, Clark Gable and Robert Taylor, are among our more constant stepper-outers now too. Of course Bob Taylor never did much stepping before because he was only a young man trying to get ahead in pictures and no money in the bank. But now that he's considered one of M-G-M's most popular young leading men and with a salary that's really something, Bob is having himself a social swing the likes of which Hollywood hasn't seen in many a year. First there was Irene Hervey, the girl he was engaged to before he became a big success. But things happened there, and although their best friends will tell you that Bob and Irene are still hopelessly in love with each other, Irene has just announced her engagement to Allan Jones, the young tenor who sang himself to picture fame when he sang *Alone* in "A Night at the Opera." Since Irene, Bob's girls have been Janet Gaynor and Barbara Stanwyck —it looked pretty serious with Gaynor there for a while as the two of them were out dancing or partying some place nearly every night, but lately Miss Stanwyck seems to be the love light in his eyes.

And speaking of Miss Stanwyck, mercy, she's the shining example of a recluse gone gay. Ever since she has been in Hollywood Barbara has been the most retiring of the screen stars. Talk about your Garbo —Barbara completely out-Garboed Greta. Far, far more people knew the Swede than knew the little red-headed gal from Brooklyn, she who was Ruby Stevens. She never accepted an invitation to anything and she never went any place except to the studio. Behind the high white walls of her estate in Brentwood, a veritable castle, she lived her life in solitary confinement with the exception of her husband, Frank Fay, and her adopted son. People who used to know Barbara in New York in the old days would never fail to wonder out loud, "What ever happened to Barbara Stanwyck?" Then all of a sudden Barbara jumped over her high white wall, separated from Frank Fay, moved her small son to a new home in Beverly Hills, and started going to every party in Hollywood. The Screen Actors' Guild Ball, the Mayfair, and the Trocadero almost every night. At first she went only with her brother from New York or the Zeppo Marxes—but now it seems that Mr. Robert Taylor is leading her in every waltz. And it isn't forced gayety on Barbara's part—but no, people "who knew her when" say that she's just like she used to be six years ago on Broadway when she was the gayest girl in town.

Well, anyway you look at it, the gay life calls for love, spring, and laughter, and wouldn't you just know I've been singing like a nightingale the new Al Jolson song for days: "I love to singa. . . . About the moona and the Juna and the springa. . . . I love to singa. . . ."

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Grace X-Rays Her Rival

Continued from page 30

of the opera should. Her rise has been different. Now here she is on the screen, and *still* she's old-fashioned in her careering!

"Gladys is ultra-feminine. She insists quite openly that she's altogether dependent upon her husband, Frank Chapman, and she consults him before making any move. She won't pick out a hat or buy a dish-towel unless Frank is there to confirm her selection. Without him, she vows, she couldn't have climbed so far, and certainly wouldn't have tried Hollywood.

"She's a beautiful clinging vine who was too talented to be ignored, the dream princess everyone wanted to aid. Gladys isn't ruled by ambition, as the rest of us opera and studio folk are. We are possessed with the fever to achieve and are molded into driving, self-reliant persons. But she's the exception to the rule. Gladys never fancied herself accomplishing what she has. Today she is naïve in the enjoyment of her popularity. She can't believe it is happening to *her!*

"Simplicity is the keynote to her nature. You'll discover that she is exactly as she appears, and that she can be depended upon. When we meet so much maneuvering in our everyday contacts, it's satisfying to have a friend like she is. She has no eccentricities. Her disposition is ever agreeable. Gladys accepts people on their face value and is sociable. She isn't cynical, and it's really because she's so nice in her inward thoughts that she can find something worthwhile in nearly everyone."

At that moment everything was ready for Grace to step into the scene. She did so, and repeated a line. "Josef," she declared to Von Sternberg, "this speech sounds stupid to me. Don't you agree it is?" The man who used to be so czaristic with Dietrich evidently had no *Trilby* unquestioningly enacting this drama. For he replied, meekly, "Yes, it is meaningless." A second and then, "I'll fix up something else by tomorrow." Whereupon The Moore was finished for the afternoon.

"Come on up to my dressing-room," she stated briskly. At the stage door we were greeted by a downpour of rain. She handed me her dainty umbrella and clung to my arm as we skooted over the puddles to the adjacent building. Did *I* feel suddenly important as I protected her from dat ol' debil of a deluge? And can Grace be enchantingly feminine herself? You guess!

Her maid came traipsing five minutes after, so we had to locate the key up on the transom ledge.

"I've been assigned a song to learn in four languages!" Grace exclaimed, whizzing in and billowing down on a tiny couch. "But do let's talk about Gladys some more. Her friendship is truly a valuable part of my life. The first time I ever saw her she was walking serenely through a corridor in the Metropolitan. Of course, you know that she's widely acclaimed for her style flair? She has all of her clothes especially designed in New York, by the way, and her taste is unerring. Her chic lies in the simple lines she chooses—not in sheer expense. And then she's very original, without being gaudy. When I noticed her that day I didn't place her in opera at all! She was so smartly dressed, so slimly lovely. I instantly inquired about her. And when they told me she was an addition to the Metropolitan I said, 'There's our new generation.'

"The coincidence that links us in a professional manner has never been mentioned. Mary Garden assisted both of us during our critical periods. I've revealed what a fan I was of Garden, how I worshipped her. When I was in finishing school in Tennessee, I heard her at a concert and it was what decided me on opera. I deluged Garden with fan letters. Years later, when I had a chance to make the Metropolitan, and went to Europe to study, Garden lent me her villa on the Riviera so I wouldn't have to worry about the rent while I was preparing for the tryout that meant so much to me.

"Gladys is a small-town, strictly American product like myself. She was born in Deep Water, in the Missouri Ozarks, and

Grace Moore in the quaint costume she wears in "The King Steps Out." Start that vogue, Grace, and even the textile mills will hum—to make up the needed yardage.

sang in a choir as I did. Only she attended the Methodist Church, and I was a devout Baptist.

"She trained her voice at a conservatory of music in Chicago, and on graduation she and her sister formed a singing act and were featured on a Mid-Western theatrical circuit. They were content. One afternoon Gladys went into a Chicago shop to buy a piano. The proprietor was a leader in musical circles, and he'd admired her on the stage. He asked why she hadn't attempted opera. 'Don't be silly!' Gladys retorted.

" 'If I arrange an audition, will you try?' he continued, realizing that she wasn't aware of her own potentialities. Gladys was overwhelmed at such optimism, and finally consented to the experiment. She quickly mastered twenty arias and when she sang for the committee for the Chicago Opera she was judged excellent material. During the summer before the season began she had to study hard. She did—she became proficient in twenty-one complete scores. And it was Mary Garden who stepped in and personally supervised that groundwork for her. Fine, generous Garden!"

When Gladys and her husband arrived in

Hollywood last year for her picture début, Grace was abroad. But she cabled, insisting that the Chapmans occupy the Moore-Parera home in Beverly Hills. Grace didn't remember that typical gesture of hers. Yet she spoke of how, when she had to have her tonsils out last fall, Gladys had substituted for her on her national radio program.

"It's such a pleasure to have friends in one's own profession, to be above petty jealousies that are now as quaint as fat prima donnas. But Gladys is a woman's woman, as well as a man's woman, and that alone is enough to make her outstanding in Hollywood. She's feminine, but fair. I've never known her to say an unkind thing about anyone.

"However, she's much less of a dependent person than she imagines. While she hasn't the domineering sort of personality, she gets the same results through a rare and persuasive quality of femininity that's irresistible. Her modesty and refinement are subtly appealing.

"I think her voice is comparable to the deep, mellow music of the cellos. It has a sultry, mystic tone that wins listeners. It doesn't evoke sadness to me, the full low notes being pleas for sympathy. To me her singing is that of a friend who's expressing a personal emotion.

"She adores Hollywood, incidentally, although she proclaims it harder work than she has ever done before. With a crowd she's invariably a good sport. But Gladys is actually too wrapped up in her music to delve into many ordinary pastimes. As she progresses she's observing more and more opportunities, and to take advantage of them she is having to concentrate.

"Mounting this ladder of fame isn't all laughter. There are disappointments that we never let the public in on. But we do confide in out intimates. That eases the wounds. I hope Gladys and I will go on sharing our experiences on the rest of our way up. When it is time for us to step out of the spotlight we'll have created a lasting friendship. We'll have rich memories of mutual joys and the occasional sorrows we can't escape. And—gratitude for our luck!"

I thought I knew Grace Moore. But her gracious introduction of this newcomer was one more disclosure of a limitless attractiveness. There was only one thing left to do. I had to interview Gladys Swarthout herself, and get her pointers on this remarkable charmer. More about Moore—that's the motto of every male fortunate enough to chat with this super-dynamic blond damsel!

Gladys Talks Back About Grace

Continued from page 31

information. "She's uninhibited by any false complexes; I'm inherently the opposite—shy and given to underestimating my possibilities. Oh, I don't mean that Grace *over*-values herself! She's merely absolutely aware that she can fulfil her impulses.

"People have played a larger part in my ascent than in hers. I'm acquiescent; I took up music, then the opera, radio, and now pictures because I was argued into them by friends who insisted I could make the grade. But Grace is a born fighter; she doesn't wait for a push. She picked her goals, had no doubts of attaining them, and then worked like a Trojan. Her energy draws people to her.

"I don't know of any woman or man, in the world of fine music, who has made such

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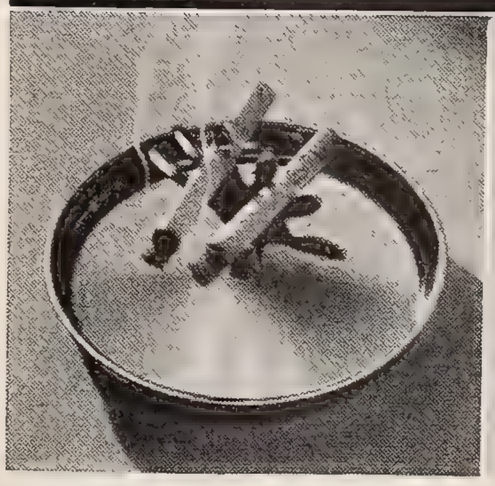

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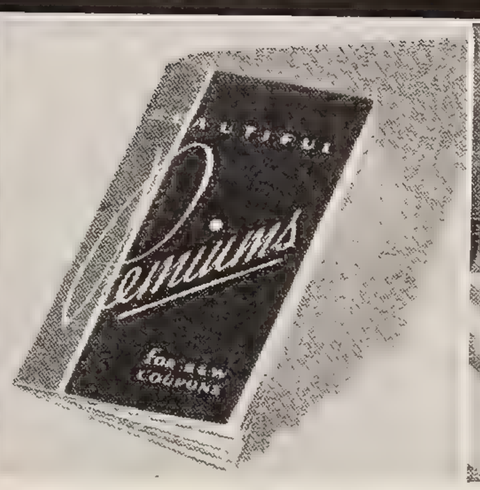

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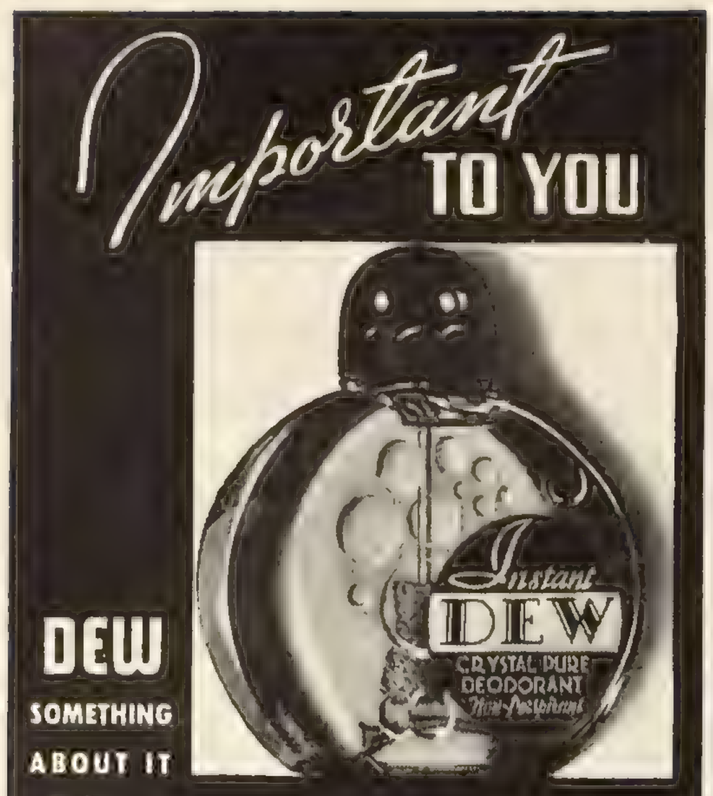

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"Wherever she is, there's a current of suppressed passion. Her entrance is a fillip, and her stay is stimulating. She's no one-track career creature, either, but a resplendent woman of the world. The trouble with Hollywood, she swears, is that its stars pull in their horizons. They should travel, keep in touch with other centres.

"Grace practices what she preaches. She blithely combines opera, radio, concert tours, and films—and manages to have the most fascinating personal life I can visualize, too. She's far too emotional to forget fun just for fame. While she's in Hollywood her dinner parties are the 'cream of the crop.' When she's in New York she's at home with the keenest members of the luxury class. Abroad she's feted by royalty.

"She exemplifies the saying that nothing succeeds like success. You adore to be with her, for you're having a perpetual panic of a time."

I chatted with Frank Chapman, Gladys's good-looking husband, while she went back into camera range. He is a concert singer of considerable renown, and he is now her manager. An Easterner of discrimination, he is the sturdy oak upon which this star depends for strength.

He held one of her shapely hands in his when she returned and we sat down.

"Frank and Grace get along excellently," she asserted. "He debates with her and she seems to relish his spirit. But I never speak up boldly—I'm a grand audience! It would be difficult for me to be on the *qui vive*, so I'm my quiet self and we're all pals. Valentin Parera has proved as much of a balance for Grace as Frank has for me. Valentin is well-informed as well as handsome; and he's the conservative member of their household."

"It's strange about the dissimilarity in your singing," Frank interposed.

"Yes, it is," Gladys commented, pensively. "Hers makes you happy and mine makes you cry. The low tones seem to put one in a reminiscing frame of mind. I'm generally told that I evoke tears. I don't see why I should, for I'm terribly happy and I wish everyone else might be."

On that vast set you'd eventually distinguish Gladys as the heroine. Her tranquil, poised exquisiteness stands out upon close inspection. But you'd have to look around, for she isn't conspicuous.

"I recall my first glimpse of Grace," she went on. "It was backstage at the Metropolitan. I was cast with her and with Lucrezia Bori, Lily Pons, and Lawrence Tibbett, in 'Tales of Hoffman.' When the initial rehearsal was called, Grace swept in swathed in a scrumptious sable coat, glittering with jewels. She was a vision, and I was awed no end.

"She always dresses for every occasion. When she plays tennis, for instance, she tops the regulation sports shorts and blouse. She'll come onto the courts wearing a striking bandana instead of a visor; gold bracelets will dangle from her left arm, with a flowing, colorful handkerchief intertwined artistically."

"Did she give you any particular advice?" I questioned. "Recount any mistakes she'd made so you might profit by them?"

"But I told you Grace never frets about being wrong! No, she has never mentioned errors to me, for she never would confess to have made any. That's her confidence that I emphasized to you. She did, though, tell me the peculiarities she'd uncovered in working before the cameras. How we have to replace the flamboyant acting that we do in opera, and technical advice along this line."

Gladys hasn't resided in Hollywood long enough to be changed by the tempo of the town. But Grace has. So I requested this faithful Moore devotée to divulge how.

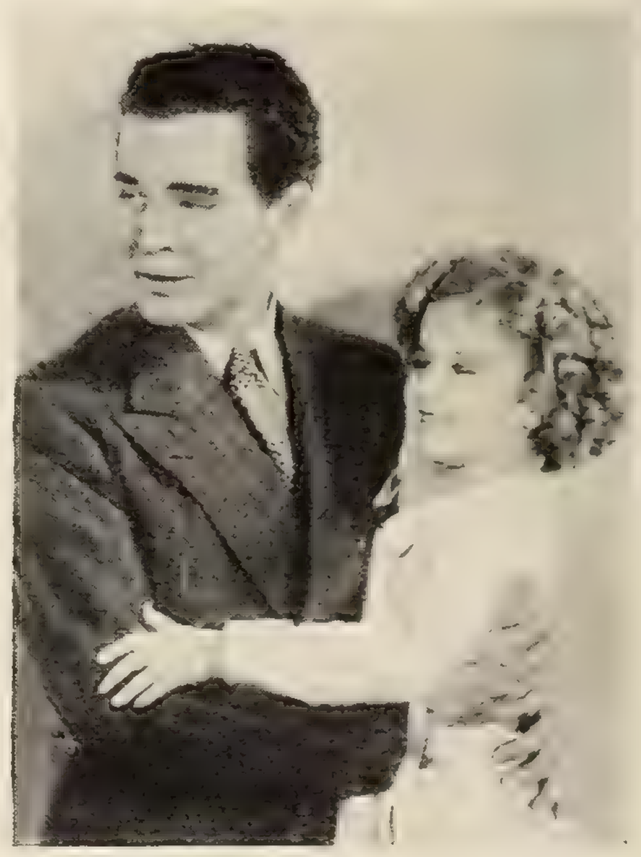
"She has been affected by this screen chapter—her responsibility to her fans has increased. She understands that she can't let them down. Already there is a legend to be lived up to, and she's curbing impetuousness that might tempt her into living for herself only.

"Audaciousness is a prominent idiosyncrasy of Grace's. If it hadn't always been she'd probably never have become what she has. Her family, in Jellico, Tennessee, forbade her to aspire to opera. Grace ran away and supported herself by singing jazz in a New York café while she took her lessons. There was that dreadful six months when she bravely retired to an isolated island in Canada, thorough silence being the cure ordered for the thickness which suddenly ruined her voice!

"And then she finally was starred in Broadway revues, after understudying and training strenuously. The average girl would have stopped trying there, and have held onto that spot. But Grace abandoned her sure musical comedy career for eighteen months of exhaustive coaching for opera. The Metropolitan decreed that she wasn't eligible, but she defied the verdict and made herself fit their standards. Later, to the horror of the old-timers, she went from the opera back to an operetta. There was an unwritten rule at the Metropolitan that once you left for a lighter field you never returned. Yet Grace dared—and has.

"Her valorous second siege to the movie fans' hearts is too familiar for me to play up. She didn't allow the immaturities of the early film musicals to conquer her. She could have retired to the opera and disdained Hollywood. Instead she risked her reputation to try again out here. Grace loves to read the movie magazines, to go to pictures. She wanted to be in them. So we who have been invited from the opera now have her to thank. When she demonstrated that we could register, we were awarded our opportunity.

"I honestly can't imagine a more liberal friend, and this isn't a characteristic you can locate in many busy women. Grace has hosts of captivated well-wishers and she's extravagant with her attention to them. She prefers jolly company to solitude.



Shirley Temple and her new leading man, Michael Whalen, in Shirley's new film, "Poor Little Rich Girl."

She's—I had it in the beginning, didn't I, Frank?—an *elegant* whirlwind!"

A beaming young husband approved this discerning summary, and so Gladys glowed at having aroused his pride. She *adieued* with a firmer handshake than I suspected she'd have, and Frank cheerily *ad libbed:* "Next to Gladys, Grace is—well, you got our reaction, didn't you?"

I did. And I'm convinced that when you're in a strike-up-the-band mood you'd wish for the splendiferous, dazzling Moore. For a faultless balcony scene in the moonlight you'd take the sweet, *sympatica* Swarthout. One's a cloudburst; the other, a soothing pitter-patter. An American beauty rose in bloom *versus* a magnolia. You feel like Going Places *with* Grace and Doing Things *for* Gladys. Can a slow waltz cut in on a zippy fox-trot?

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 15

Use either thousand island dressing made with mayonnaise and chili sauce, or Russian dressing. Mix with wooden fork and spoon, then let mixed salad stand in the ice box to bring out the flavor

"At Elliott Mason's we also had a wonderful gooseberry pudding, but we can't make that over here because the gooseberries never seem to taste right.

"Oh, yes, another time when we were at her house she served Scotch shortbread and coffee. You must have that recipe—it's more than marvelous!"

SCOTCH SHORTBREAD

7 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1½ cups sugar
1 lb. butter
2 eggs

Knead butter with sugar, add eggs and knead them in. Sift flour with baking powder onto board and gradually knead into mixture. Divide into 4 portions and shape each piece into a round flat cake, fluting edges by pinching with fingers. Prick all over with a fork, put in papered tins and bake at 350 degrees for 40 minutes. Dust with fine sugar and let cool in tins.

In the dining-room, where Jean was lighting the candles on the dinner table, she suddenly remembered another novel dish.

"It's a grand thing to serve for Sunday night suppers or even after-theatre snacks when you want a filling dish to add to the frothy ones," she told me. "This is how I make it: Get a pound of white navy beans and soak them over-night. Then bake them with butter, brown sugar, salt, and a strip of bacon, as you would ordinarily bake them. When they are partly done—beginning to get tender—add a can of pears with their juice. The fruit and juice will cook right into the beans and add an indescribable flavor. You'll have your guests wondering what they are eating."

Ethel changed the dainty chintz plates for glass dessert dishes.

"Robert Donat liked to add to my food education," she remembered. "One day we had the most delicious vegetable for lunch. I'd never heard of it before so as usual I asked. For a long time I went around thinking I had eaten leeks, until somebody said it was a 'glick,' and then they all teased me so that I won't know to this day whether it was a leek or not.

"Mr. Donat's cook Annie used to send over cakes for us at tea hour on the set

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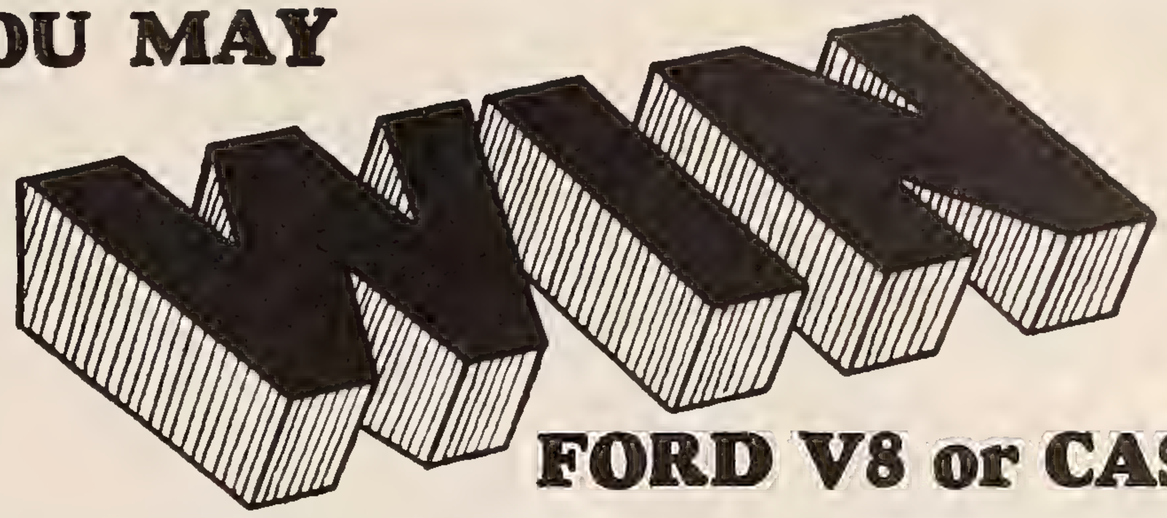

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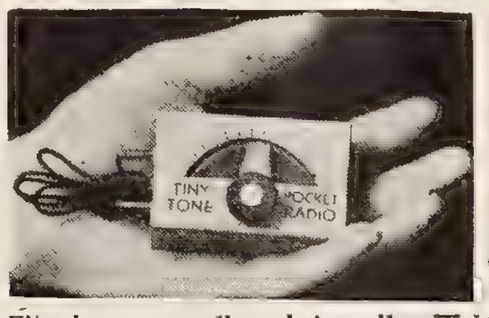

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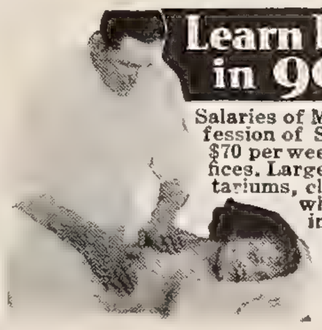

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every day. I thought that was such a gracious thing to do. Our favorite was applesauce cake, and I thought: 'Ah-ha, a new recipe!' but Annie swore it was made just the way we make ours at home.

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Pare, core and boil sufficient apples to make a half pound when cooked; add to the pulp ¼ lb. sugar, ¼ lb. melted butter, 4 eggs, leaving out the whites of 2, and rind and juice of 1 lemon. Stir the mixture well, line patty pans with puff paste and fill them. Bake about 20 minutes.

Paris Playground

Continued from page 59

Elissa Landi is one of the living arguments for color films. It seems a shame to see her red hair and green-gray eyes reduced to black and white on the screen. Our sittings would generally be during the lunch interval at the studio at Joinville where she was filming "Koenigsmark," with John Lodge from Hollywood. How I ever painted Landi with just a plain hairdress I'll never know. One day she would be all decked out in a tiara, another a bridal veil, a third she was sporting a severe derby hat for a riding costume. The climax was reached when I found her lovely head weighed down under a huge fur and gold-braided military head-piece. In the film she played the part of the ruler of an imaginary principality and in her job of Grand Duchess she had to impress her subjects with all this regalia. I liked her better when back in Paris she would pose sipping pernods. At odd times she would work on a big tapestry piece. Wonder when it will ever be finished? When I paint her again she will no doubt be still working on the same piece. Truly, art is long!

After "Koenigsmark" was finished John Lodge lingered on in Paris. We got to be great friends and loved to wander about the cafés. He, too, had left his Grand Ducal regalia at the studio, so when I painted him I wasn't handicapped with visions of white and gold uniforms and a monacle. He made a grand subject in more ways than one, and it was quite a job of reduction to transfer his six-feet-something to the oval confines of a miniature. During his stay here he made a speech before the American Club anent the screen and stage, and was presented with a medal for his efforts. John's French is more Parisian than many of the natives and many French people complimented him on having had such a good "dubber." This, after he had been brought all the way from Hollywood because of his French!

Except for perfecting his English, Hollywood seems to have left no visible mark on Charles Boyer. I feared the worst when this fine sensitive actor went West. Several years passed in the meantime and I didn't see him on his various trips to Paris. Then when he filmed "The Tragedy of Meyerling" I had a good chance to study the Boyer. The only changes in him were a deeper feeling and sincerity which would be the normal development of such an actor. He was so busy working against time to finish the film as he was overdue in America that I had to snatch so-called sittings when he was actually working in front of the camera. I had to modernize him up as he naturally wore the side-burns and costumes of the 1880's. So I mentally

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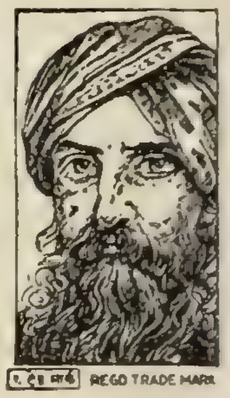

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chopped off his sideburns and decked him out in a rue de la Paix collar and tie for the miniature.

I'm anxious to paint Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., again. When he was a youngster he studied painting from me for a year in Paris. I sketched and painted him then but his face hadn't the thin expressive contours that it now has. When Richard Barthelmess was on his first trip to Europe I painted two miniatures of him. We motored over France and Switzerland and in each town we stopped he insisted on my painting on them. A bit of eyes were flicked in Tours, a chin in Avignon, a part of an ear in Arles, a background in Monte Carlo, and the end of a nose in Geneva. In that way Dick, on contemplating the miniatures later, could recall those romantic spots. In London I painted Tallulah Bankhead at her loveliest. After I had painted her many times the amusing Tallulah wrote in my book, "I always thought I was beautiful, now I know I am!"

Gable's Bachelor Dates

Continued from page 21

his being a plain man. He is down-to-earth in his honesty, but Clark's also a gentleman. He plugged devilishly hard to improve himself and consequently he's poised, well-informed, and altogether a genuinely fascinating individual. And, by the way, he doesn't consider himself thrilling. He *is,* nevertheless, for he's a vital, adventurous soul if there ever was one.

"Why don't you give them the whole truth?" he challenged me. "Why assume I must be either anxious to dress up in a dinner jacket or that I'm a bull in a china shop? I don't deny that some parties are nifty, and I like them. Yet who'd describe those formal parades as fun? I relish casual gatherings. I see as many movies and plays as I can. But I'm a bitter pill to friends when we venture forth on first nights. My comrades mutter, 'Oh, let's not go with *him.* He'll stand around signing autographs for hours!'"

With this parting crack Clark hopped over the cameraman's paraphernalia that was strewn about, and into the midst of more hectic turmoil. Loud-speakers blared directions to a hundred terrified men and women, done up in the snappiest modes of 1906. Débris started falling, and next the electric light poles crumpled. As the wires entangled, fire burst skyward. There was more screaming and dashing and fainting than I'd seen since Pompeii's memorable calamity. Gable staggered through the middle of all this, and then braced up and returned to where I was waiting.

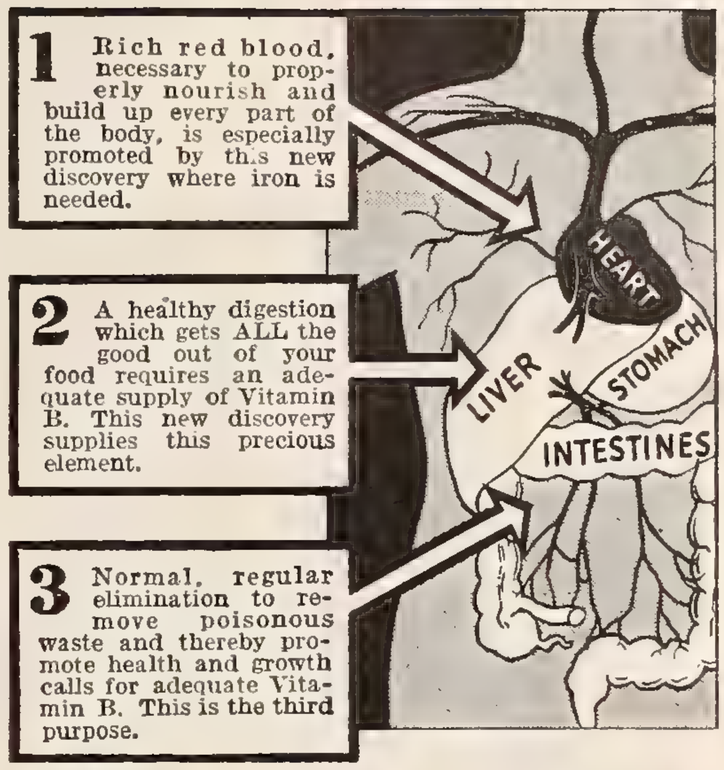
"Be big and actually tell All. Love's fun; sure! But so are other things."

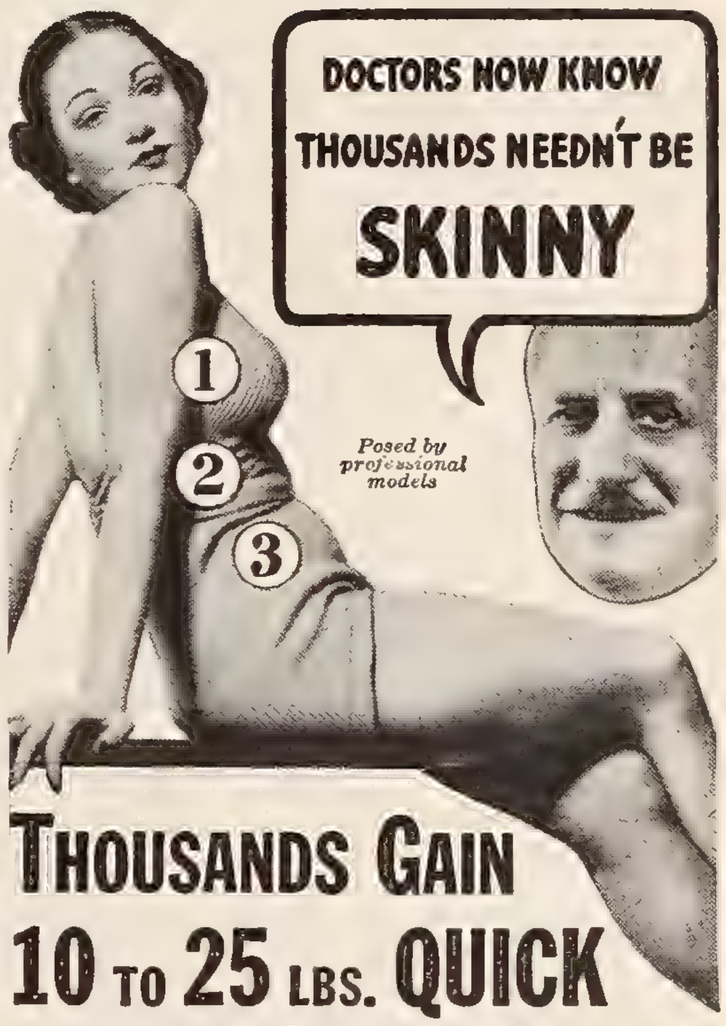
I rallied nobly. "Such as what?"

He was quick with his answers: "I get a kick from watching the boxing, wrestling, and polo matches. Yes, and the major tennis tournaments. However, I don't suspect I'll develop into a tennis champ I didn't start at it young enough." There was a mischievous bit of banter to that.

"I was remembering when I was in high school; how I obstinately refused to try tennis. It was a mining community and I had an overpowering hunch that tennis was slightly lah-de-dah—even though my best friend, the bank teller, had a distinct edge with the town belle, the dentist's daughter, because he took her out so frequently to the tennis court. Come to analyze it, I'll bet her fastidiousness steered me away from participating then. She always tied a pink satin bow on her racket!

"Exercise is keen fun to me. I've a friend





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who functions as kind of a trainer. When I'm coming to the studio I must begin my day very early. He has a key to the front door and he arrives at 5:30 a. m. to haul me out of bed. At that unearthly hour a hefty tug can do wonders towards awakening you! We have a few sets on a neighboring tennis court and then box some fast rounds. A shower and breakfast finish us up. That's recreation I hate to miss.

"When I can wrangle a week free I run out of the city. A fellow in the wardrobe department here is a pal of mine who's fond of hunting. We climb into the car and head for the mountains or the desert. We camp out, and that marvelous, clean air and calm is elegant. I'm not so wild about hunting as I am about those wide, open places.

"I enjoy meeting people who're in a different line, too. I believe that's the finest rest cure—mixing with those whose work is totally dissimilar to your own. For instance, in Arizona I've a friend who is a game warden. On my last trip there I was interested in his particular problem. The situation isn't so promising where he is. No future. He fancies he'd do better in Mexico. When I got home I rounded up all the information I could find on the prospects there are for him farther South.

"Skeet-shooting's my chief hobby. I belong to a gun club that isn't a movie organization at all. The members are men from every sort of business—doctors, lawyers, merchants, salesmen. The one point we have in common is that we each own a gun. Oh, and dogs. We bring our dogs to the range and argue whose is superior. These men never discuss Hollywood."

Sheer necessity drives Clark into escaping the pressure of Hollywood fame. No one could bear up under the strain without a lull from the constant display. But he isn't one to shriek about getting away from it all. He claims he'd not be having half so much fun if he hadn't been so fortunate in pictures.

"Why, the movies have enabled me to afford riding and golf. When I reached Hollywood I could stick on a horse, but I was minus any form. As soon as I was on a regular salary I went to the Griffith Park academy. They had 'musical rides,' the theory being that you should have rhythm when you're in the saddle. They put a loud-speaker in the riding ring. When they played a waltz record you slowed to the proper gait. Then you'd trot and canter to jazzier melodies. The firemen's ball medley inspired you to gallop. I spent two nights a week there. Golf is fun, in my opinions, also.

"Don't ignore reading as a pastime. Not that I want to brag that I've read a book! I don't pretend to be a serious student of literature; on the contrary, I'm not. I delve into topics that sound alluring, but generally magazines are more to my measure. I choose those dealing with business events, sports, and those with satirical sketches.

"Here's a final thought while we're wound up on this tack." The mob was milling for still one more "take" and everything was in readiness for the star. "I have a considerable part of my fun here, during the making of a film. I can't tell you what special incidents give me a lift, for they're foolish little things, committed on the spur of the moment. To an outsider they'd seem absolutely dumb. But when you're at a tension—and we are even when we're doing gay scenes—you're able to laugh at the silliest stunts anyone can pull."

Over his shoulder the Great Gable tossed this topper: "Don't paint my fun-life as model. I'm one of those birds who has a yen to jack up the wheels of prominent people's cars!"

I wouldn't doubt that, either. Today's leading lover can't resist being a right guy.

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Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 65

NOW that his differences have been settled with RKO, Fred Astaire is no longer dancing with tears in his eyes. Because of the tremendous energy it takes for Fred, who creates his own dances, rehearses them and stages them, he felt he couldn't possibly keep up the standard of his pictures and make so many a year. His last picture, "Follow the Fleet," proved that he was right. While the picture is breaking records all over the country, it far from pleases Fred. He can afford to coast along temporarily, because of the precedent he has established. But Fred is too good a showman to believe that you can do inferior work and expect to come out ahead. Perfection is Astaire's goal!

LORETTA YOUNG buys white leather, fur-trimmed house slippers, a dozen pairs at a time. She never wears anything else on the set unless a shot of her feet is necessary.

AFTER "I Loved A Soldier" was definitely postponed, (because Margaret Sullavan broke her arm), W. C. Fields was heard to remark, "Well, at least Sullavan got her arm in the cast!"

DORIS NOLAN, a contract player on the Fox lot, was working for less than a hundred dollars a week. Al Woods gave her a chance in his play, "Night of January 16th" and Doris became a New York sensation. Recently she returned to fulfill a contract with Universal. Her salary calls for over a thousand dollars every Saturday. And now you know why they say that anything can happen in Hollywood.

WHEN ship news reporters, swarming about Eddie Lowe as he was greeted by Rita Kaufman on his return from England, asked him if he was going to be married, Eddie jocularly slipped into his *Sergeant Quirk* character and said, "How about it, Babe?" Two days later Eddie got his answer, and the star and the former Mrs. Kaufman, scenarist and screen stylist, motored to Amonk, N. Y., and had the knot tied. It only goes to show how reporters can set up a perfect situation—even in such tender matters as creating the opportunity for proposals.

London News-Reel

Continued from page 58

sensational accidents and railroad smashes.

Next Tullio Carminati, perfectly groomed and correct in a dark grey suit with one of his favorite pink carnations in his buttonhole, a French novel under his arm, and a frown on his usually smiling brow.

"It is this music," he explains, "I think I shall have a large card printed and wear it on my back, 'I CANNOT PLAY THE PIANO.' Since I have appeared in so many musical and back-stage films there has sprung up a legend that I am exceedingly musical myself. People ask me to play at parties and invite my opinion about Chopin or Scarlatti. I feel so foolish because I don't even know the bass notes from the treble. You will have noticed that when I 'play' my piano accompaniments as I sing on the screen, you never see my hands. They are just hovering about a dumb keyboard while a real pianist off the set provides the actual sound."

Now two little heads covered with blonde curls, two snappy tailored dresses, two

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chattering girlish voices and lots of laughter—you have Alice White and her friend Mary Carlisle. Alice is the gangster's decoy in a Gainsborough picture as yet untitled, while Mary appears with Clive Brook and Helen Vinson in "Love in Exile." Both think London is fine, except that the ice-cream hasn't the same taste. They've seen the Crown Jewels and all the hat-shops and a duchess eating steak in a grill-room, so they're thoroughly enjoying themselves.

Come across to this table where Neil Hamilton sits with a circle of British film folk discussing the latest news. (He will soon be seen in a comedy "You Must Get Married.")

Flashes: Constance Bennett has instructed her London manager to get her

Celebrating Mary Carlisle's birthday at a London studio. The Hollywood blonde cuts her cake as Clive Brook and Director Al Werker offer good wishes.

the two finest English race horses that money can buy. She has ordered some rare china and glass for her California home, too. Noah Beery is acting in "The Crimson Circle" and having singing lessons. Sylvia Sidney's first British picture will be directed by Alfred Hitchcock, who made "The 39 Steps" and "Secret Agent."

Silver-haired Gitta Alpar, the lovely operatic star from Vienna who is Europe's Grace Moore, has set a new fashion with white stockings and bright blue shoes. She has had several offers from Hollywood following the success of her first film, "I Give My Heart" but before she can accept one she must finish "Guilty Melody," in which she appears with Nils Asther and John Loder.

Pull up the microphone, for conversation has turned to Ronald Colman. He intends to spend a month's vacation over here in the fall. Somebody remarks that he is now the highest-paid male star in films, and a middle-aged director smiles reminiscently.

"I don't suppose any of you remember Ronald's first picture. He made it here in London fifteen years ago, and he was paid the equivalent of four dollars a day. It was a crude spy melodrama in two reels and nobody thought much of Ronald's performance. In fact, the casting director wrote on his file card 'This actor does not screen very well. Looks better in real life.' It wasn't Ronald's fault because he didn't even understand make-up in those days. His eyes always seemed too close together and his nose came out too large."

Somebody else recalls how Ronald met beautiful Thelma Raye while playing a small part in one of those early British films and married her after a whirlwind courtship. When he sailed for New York with just forty dollars and two letters of introduction his wife was to follow in three month's time. But she stayed on in England, acting when she could, obviously missing the husband she adored so deeply. Then suddenly she vanished, and only the news of Ronald's steady climb toward success in Hollywood reached the friends who had known the happy if sometimes hard-up young couple in London.

Now it has been discovered that Thelma lives alone in a modest little villa on the Riviera coast, far away from the busy world of stage and studios, cooking her own simple meals and occupying her long leisure hours with needlework. Even when they were divorced she resolutely refused to discuss her husband. But she collects all his photographs and his press-cuttings, keeping them carefully in a special room which nobody but herself ever enters. Truly the private lives of film stars are often more poignant and dramatic than any of the rôles they enact before the cameras.

Cut quickly for the next item, the scene a pleasant book-lined room in a flat not far from the Strand, and genial bald-headed Edmund Gwenn dispensing the drinks and announcing that he had the happiest time of his life in Hollywood. He is back in London to fulfill an old contract to film "Laburnum Grove," the stage play in which he starred so successfully on Broadway last year. He's full of admiration for Katharine Hepburn. "She's not an imitation of Garbo. She's essentially herself, sincere, unspoiled, vital and tremendously ambitious. I gave her some lessons in chess when we were making 'Sylvia Scarlett' and she grasped the game with amazing quickness."

Footage for Paul Cavanagh, just returned to star in a colorful costume film, "Dusty Ermine," which is all about military espionage in the days of Napoleon. Dissolve to a shot of another famous English actor, unfamiliar perhaps as he walks along a quiet suburban road wearing a shabby cloth hat and smoking an ancient briar pipe. Close-up reveals him as George Arliss, enjoying his morning mile which he paces wet or fine as inexorably as he stops work at four o'clock for his afternoon tea. George is tired of being benign and kindly on the screen. In his next film he appears as a wily Eastern rajah—"always scheming, you know. He makes the deuce of a lot of trouble for everybody."

Special insert for Michael Balcon, the slim, dark, bespectacled Director of Productions for Gaumont-British who is announcing details of his new contracts that will bring more of the leading Hollywood players to London this summer.

"There's Charles Ruggles—he is going to play a comedy part specially suited to him in our film 'World Without a Mask,' a story of the future with television and death rays and colossal flying-boats. Joan Bennett has signed for a crime picture, adapted from Edgar Wallace's novel 'The Northern Tramp.' Maureen O'Sullivan and Richard Arlen will be co-starring in 'The Great Divide,' which describes the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway. One of our camera units has spent the whole spring out in the West shooting the background scenes."

The next news item opens in panoramic, a Continental café with a sanded floor and little tables covered with gay checked cloths and gesticulating waiters scurrying about with glasses of *absinthe* and *vin rouge*. Men in wide trousers and velvet coats, women with the tight-waisted muslin gowns and the piled-up hair under enormous beflowered hats of forty years ago. It's the Associated Talking Pictures lot where Toeplitz Productions are filming W. J. Locke's celebrated story of old-time Bohemia, "The Beloved Vagabond."

Close in to *Paragot,* the wandering artist hero. Here he sits with his dog and his wine, his long black hair falling from under his odd white cotton hat, a huge spotted bow at his neck, a jaunty little moustache adorning his sun-tanned face. You don't recognize him? Look at his lip again. Yes, it's Maurice Chevalier in the most important part of his screen career.

He's giving the cameras everything he's got, for this rôle is the vindication of his abrupt departure from Hollywood, by which he hopes to prove to the world that he is capable of deeper characterizations and finer acting than are called for in light-hearted musicals. He's no longer the *M'reece* we used to know. He seems older and more serious, and he is certainly much thinner. Perhaps he's wondering what his fans will think of his new dramatic screen personality.

When Maurice isn't at the studio he is generally attending a vaudeville show or dining at an exclusive little Mayfair restaurant where they understand the finesse of food in the true French fashion. Maurice makes his own *crepe suzettes* at the sideboard, and mixes his salad dressing with the air of a fastidious connoisseur—nine drops of olive oil, four of vinegar, a *soupcon* of garlic, the green pepper, and the strong black clove to flavour—*ah, voila!* There breaks that famous smile and a sigh of satisfaction.

But if you want to see those dark eyes flash with anger just lean over and whisper "Kay Francis." That brings the final fade-out, very quickly!

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